

THE
LADY'S
HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

~~~~~  
VOL. XVI.  
~~~~~

From July to December.

—————
PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.
1860.



THE CLEANERS.

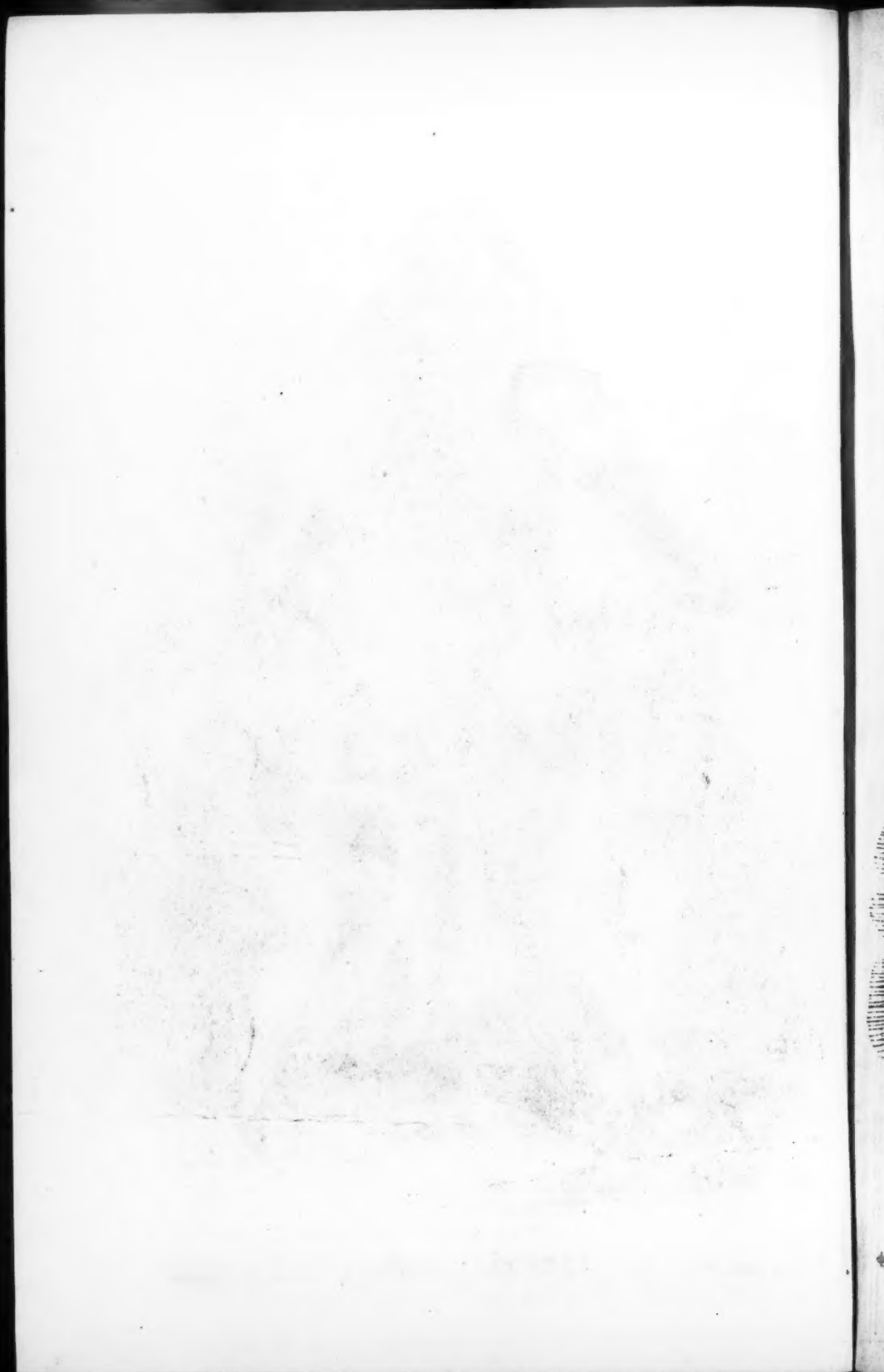
ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR HOME MAGAZINE.

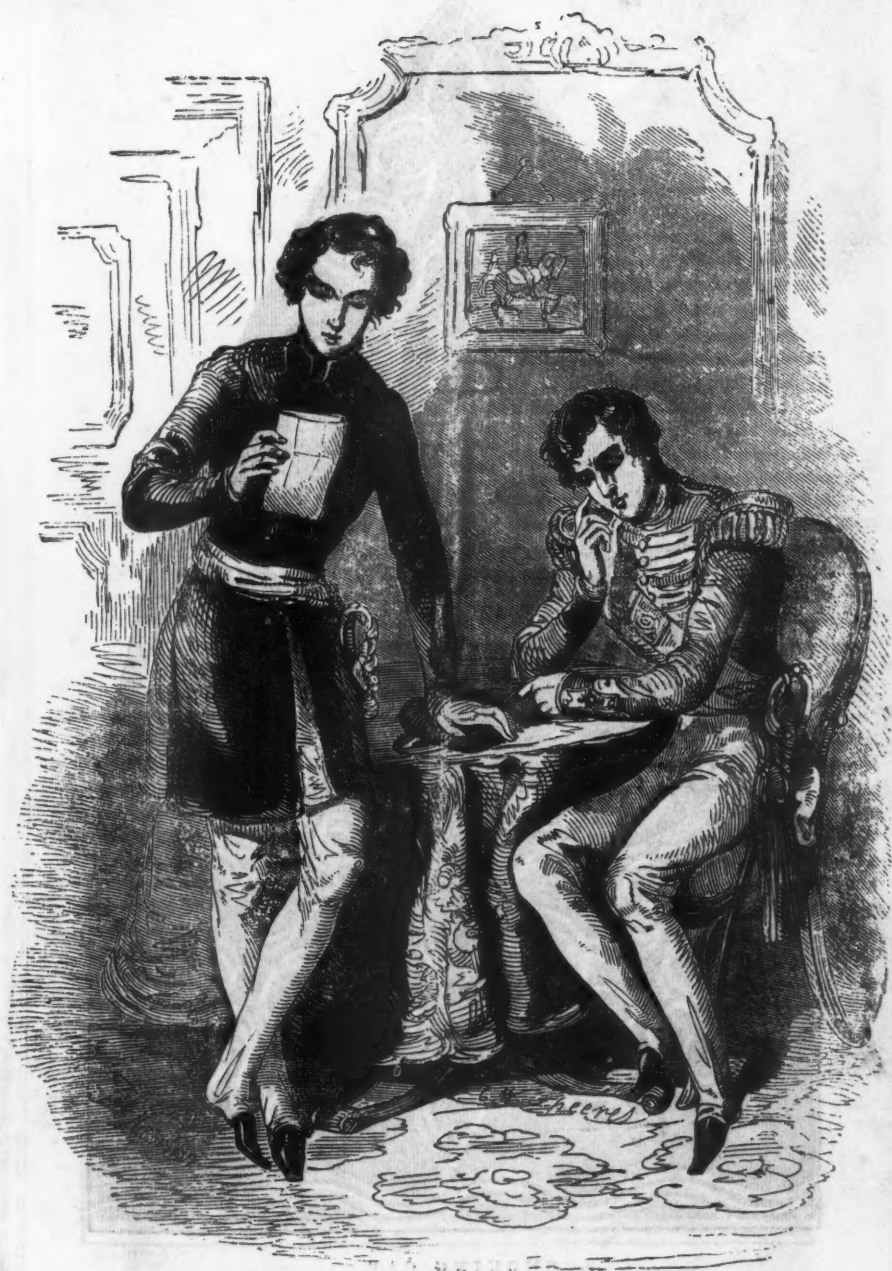


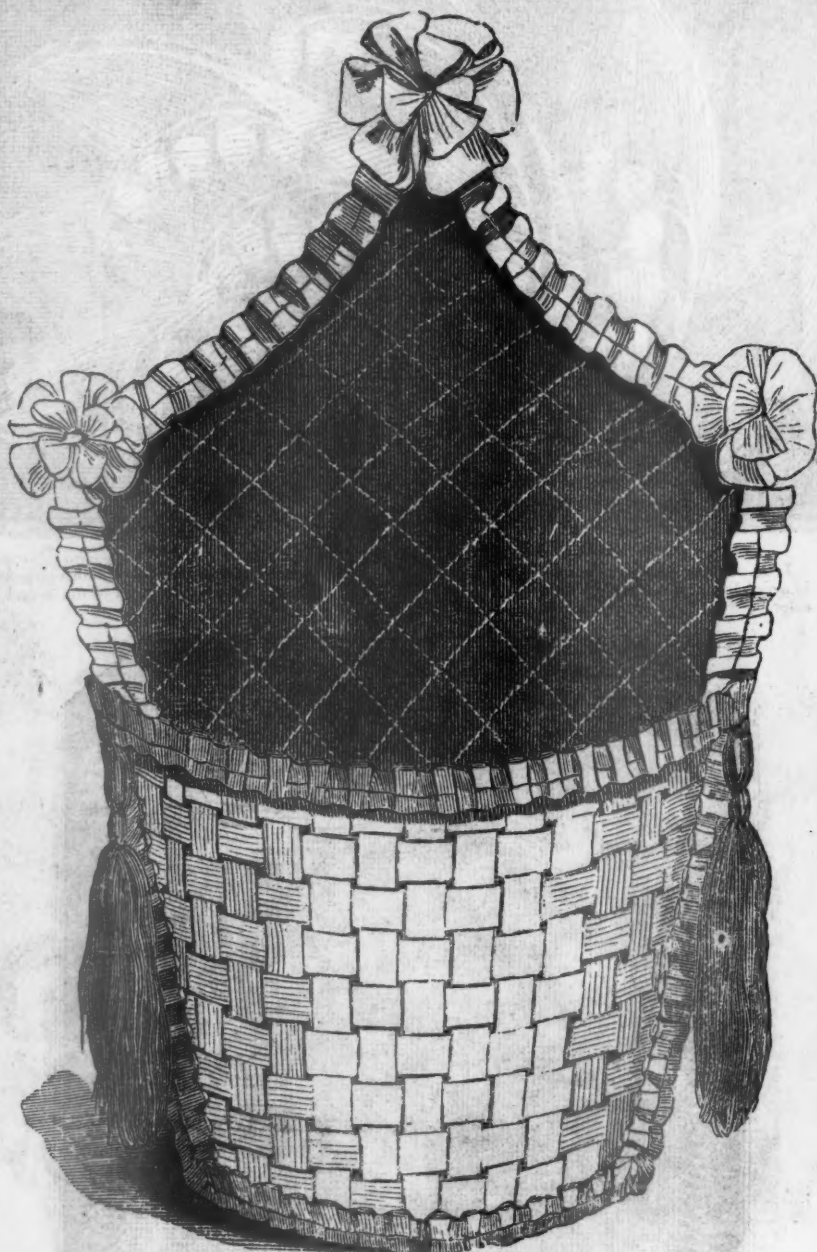


Cape & Kimmel.

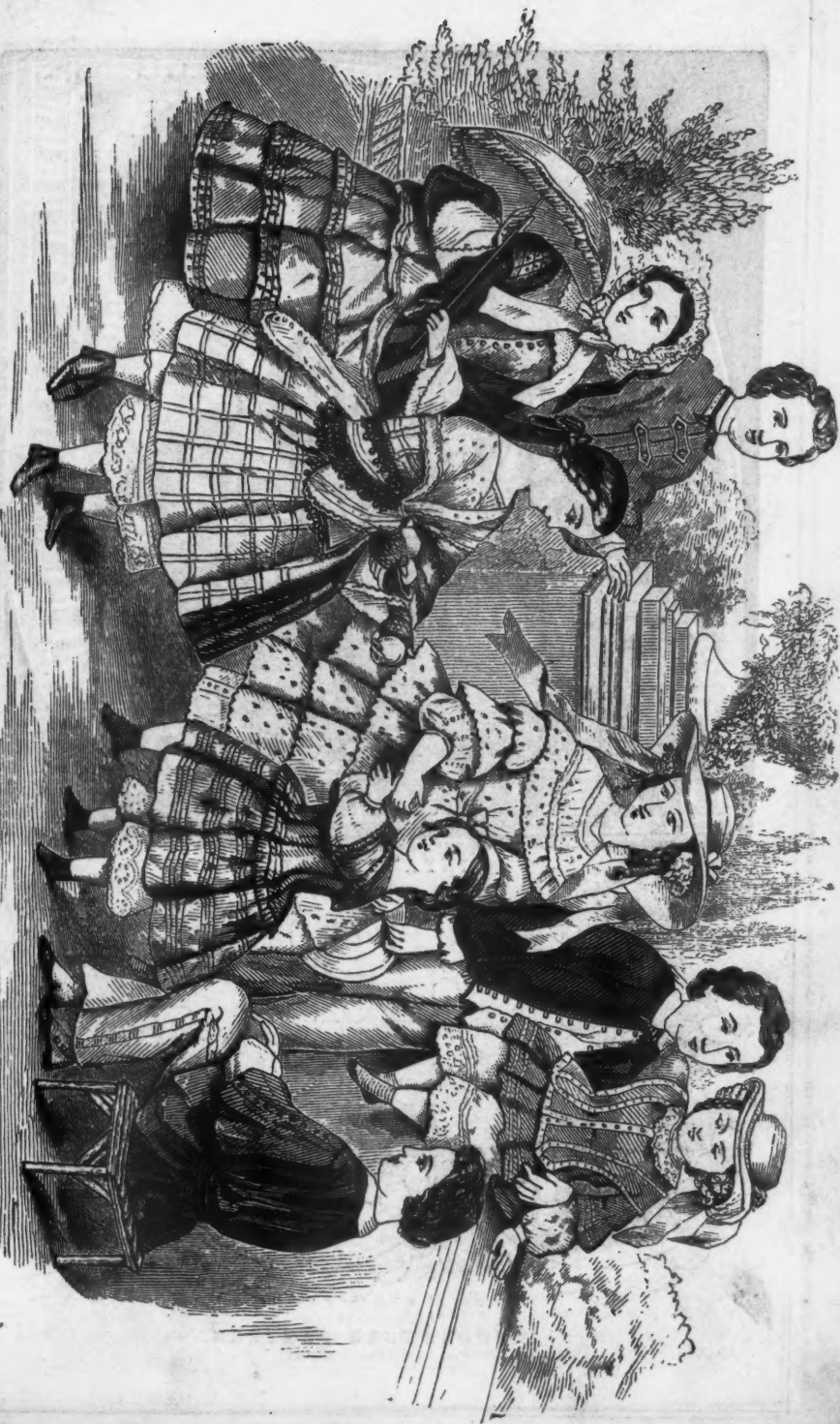
HOME MAGAZINE JULY 1860.







SWISS WATCH POCKET.

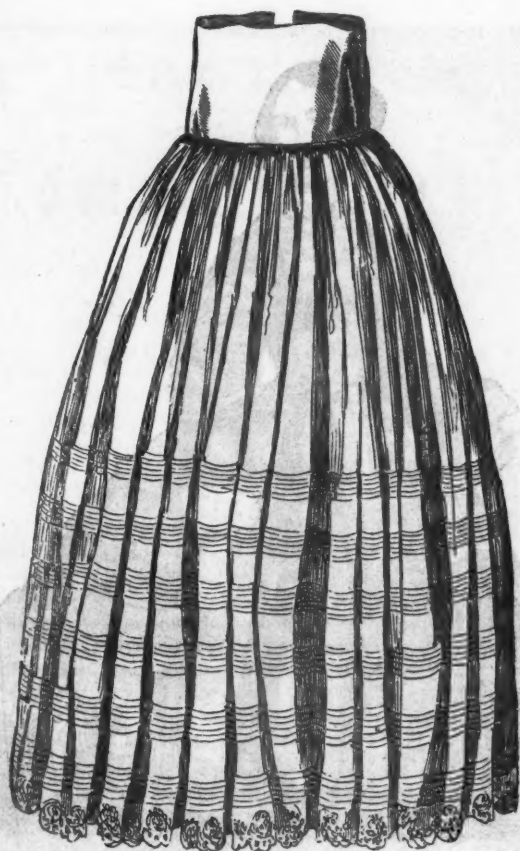




INFANT'S CAP.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



BABY'S SKIRT

Of Jaconet Muslin, made very full and gathered into a plain linen band, neatly stitched. The edge is bordered with a deep row of scalloped needlework; groups of narrow tucks, placed at equal distances, extend rather more than half the length of the skirt.

LETTERS FOR MARKING.





SUMMER WALKING DRESS.

IN the above illustration we give the design for a Robe, whose rich trimming and material adapts it for either a promenade or visiting dress. It is of violet-colored "poult de soie." The skirt is ornamented with three stripes of Rusche "a la veille," interwoven with the same material as the dress. The stripes are arranged at corresponding distances from the waist. The sleeves hang in folds their entire length, with two puffs of Rusche beneath a broad reverse of velvet. The girdle is of the same material as the dress, trimmed with velvet.

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1860.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY SARA A. WENTZ.

CORA Brentwood stood at the bay window of her sitting-room one March morning, when the air was so delicious she half expected to see the grass wake up under the blushes of Spring. She was still a bride, and happy—only this poetic atmosphere out of doors created some deep, infinite longing in her breast that reached after joy and triumph; a breezy stir went through the kingdom of her soul. Her husband was a handsome man, fifteen years her elder; he was very wealthy; she had never loved any one as well as she *liked* him—she was grateful that he loved her, and, yielding to her mother's eager wish, she married, with an exterior sensation of pride and security; but across the waves of her inmost heart, there passed smothered, sighing winds—there panted a breath of unrest. All this, however, was temporary; with her marriage vows a new affection came for Mr. Brentwood; she found that a wife cannot easily separate her hopes, and fears, and interests from an affectionate husband. He seemed to love her far more than she had imagined. In the days of her courtship she had sometimes said to herself, "Well, we will have such a pretty home, and I shall be in my room with my books, and music, and embroidery. I shall dress so neatly and prettily, and can spend my time just as I like; he will only come in to see me in his dignified way when he comes to dinner. I shall be amiable and polite, and talk of the news of the day. Yes; it will be very pleasant!" But away down in her heart there had

been a something that made her feel as if she would always want to put out her hand to keep him away from all that was most especially her own. It was not so afterward; she was pleased to hear his step; she drank in, with satisfaction, his look of delight at meeting her. All had gone on as harmoniously as if neither had a will to assert.

But Cora, although in the main she strove to develop the possible angel within herself, was passionate, a little exacting, a little arrogant, and more than a little dreamy and romantic; there were deep wells in her nature that had never been sounded; she was capable of beautiful sacrifices and quick rebellions; yet it had been easy, thus far in her life, to bend to the sway of conscience. Even now, as she stood at the window and dreamed that God was breathing through the pulses of nature a divine poem, whose ecstasy had never passed through her—although before her she let loose the bird of fancy, and was borne away from her home she drew back the enchanting bird, and drove him to his silent chamber in her spirit, with a shake of her young head, and the murmured words—"I will not dream! I will be practical and good, then realizations will come to me some time—some time! Ah! Where? Well! well! it will be *some time*; that is sweet, although the future is so far divorced from this hour as to sight, I cannot see it! I cannot feel it! but I know it can come. Faith reaches, like a crystal spar, into the etherial sky." She smiled with a vague gladness, and fell into thought.

When Mr. Brentwood came home to dinner, she opened the door of her sitting-room for him, and leading him to the sofa, seated herself beside him, exclaiming, with a merry smile—"O, Joseph! I have a bran new idea! I'm going to join the Dorcas Society that belongs to our church! Wont it seem funny? But I need something to occupy my thoughts. I can't remain a bird of Paradise, as you call me, unless I feed my soul, you know!" She hesitated, blushing and losing her words, by seeing that he did not sympathize with her. "Now, I can't say all that was in my mind, but I must do good, or grow unhappy—I must!" she stroked his whiskers coaxingly, then with a quick laugh and pout, hid her face on his shoulder, as he would have placed his hand over her lips in token that he would not hear of her scheme.

"I am going to take you to the opera to-night," he said, good humoredly.

"Are you? thank you!" She looked up, but less brightly than before; a light gradually came into her face as she met his smiling expression. "I'm going to join, shall I? may I, say?" she tried to open his lips, which had closed very tightly at her last words; he only snapped at her pretty fingers under pretence of biting them.

"Have you learned the song that I brought you yesterday?" he next said.

"No."

"I want you to sing it for me when I come to tea."

"Indeed! I'm going to the opera, and shall be too busy to look at it," she answered, with a kind of resentful indifference. She rose and went to a table where her work lay, then remembering the dinner, left the room and proceeded to the kitchen.

When she was left alone that afternoon, a tide of wicked feeling rolled in upon her. "I should like to know why I can't do as I choose," she soliloquized. "He does as he wishes in everything. If I am too young to be governed by my own judgment, I am too young to be his wife. I don't see why I should obey him! he's older, it's true; but a wife is an equal. I believe we made a bargain of it: I sold him my youth and beauty (for I know I'm good looking, at least,) for his wealth, position, and kind affection. I have been thinking that I loved him very much—I see, now, that he reflected love upon me, and I was satisfied with it. How easily and lightly he wore the look of decision that denied me: he looked as if it didn't hurt or disturb him to

shut back in my heart its desire. I couldn't deny him a reasonable request without feeling badly, if I saw he was so anxious about it as I am. I won't learn that music—prosy old song! I won't gratify him if he won't me! It's dreadful to be checked in this way. I never thought of it before! Perhaps he wasn't in earnest! perhaps he'll consent! I wish I hadn't said anything about it, and had gone. But I like to tell him, always, where I've been. I wish I were not married! I wish I were at home! I do, actually! O dear! dear me!" Cora looked around her pretty room, thinking there she was in a splendid cage, fairly caught, and that she could never escape. But somehow, after she had cried a little, it didn't seem so very dreadful to be the beloved wife of such a man. How handsome he looked when he came in the door smiling—he did not smile as often as many men. She went to the piano, and looked at the music which he had brought her—it was a song of Burns'; she played and sang it, for she knew it, although Mr. Brentwood had never heard her voice in it.

Underneath the music lay "Old Joliffe, or a Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," which her husband had brought her with the song.

"He is kind, isn't he?" she said to herself, as she took it up, and remembered that she had spoken her wish for it the day before. She seated herself in the embrasure of the window, and read the little work through without looking up. When she closed it her face beamed as if good angels were with her. "You have saved me from being a perfect dunce!" she apostrophised it impulsively. "I must be a sunbeam in my home! Yes! I'll be perfectly devoted to Joseph's happiness. I will melt away his prejudices by love and gentleness! How sulky and cross I was! And yes! surely my duties must and will extend beyond my own roof. I'll give up the Dorcas Society for the present—the present only—and I'll take a class in the Sunday-School. Now I must dress for the evening."

She arrayed herself as seducingly as possible, and when her husband returned from his business, she met him with—"I'm going to do just as you think best, Joseph, in everything; almost everything," she archly added, seeing he looked pleased to find her in a good humor. "Now sit down, and let me sing you this song!" She placed herself at the piano, and carolled forth the happy lightness of her heart. Her husband rewarded her with a compliment, and thought her April disposition charming, as she turned around, chatting and laughing.

Sunbeams broke over her face, and over the landscape of her spirit, concealing the strong, solemn, earnest deeps that must move when bidden.

When the next Sunday came, Cora began to put her bonnet on a little before nine o'clock.

"Why, you have mistaken the hour, child," Mr. Brentwood said, taking out his watch.

"O no, Joseph!" she answered; "Mr. C—— said he could give me a class of little ones to-day, and I'm going to take it. I should like to sit with you in church, but I suppose I can't."

"What's the use of your taking a class?" he asked, in an annoyed tone. "There are plenty of old maids to take your place! I'm not going to church alone." He took up a paper, and began to read.

Cora flushed with sudden anger, and her lip curled with passionate scorn of such love as he had for her; but she kept silent, and averted her face.

"Why didn't you tell me of this?" Mr. Brentwood asked, hurt at her reserve.

"Because you would not have sympathized in my wish to do good," she rashly responded.

He reddened, but replied with cool sarcasm, "I think your efforts won't amount to much."

A dead pause succeeded, in which hot tears fell over Cora's cheeks; she stood with her back to her husband, holding her Hymn Book in her hand. At last she said: "I'll come from school and go to church with you, if you would rather." By a great effort she had choked back her resentment, to speak these words.

"Don't bore me with the subject!" he returned, unfolding the newspaper.

She looked at him hastily, while her flexible lips put on an aspect of resolution. She walked from the room, and proceeded to her new field of labor. That day she said to herself, "I will live *my* life, and he shall live *his*—he never more shall cross the threshold of my soul's sanctuary; he does not care for my 'holy of holies.' It shall be shut to him, as he desires." But while she spoke of her "holy of holies," her breast was torn with its first powerful rebellion against God and her destiny; it seemed as if her heart would burst with its desire to spring from him and be free. It is a moment perilous to wedded happiness when the desire for freedom arises; it may pass away, and peaceful tranquillity may follow—nay, even joy in the bond. An act of selfishness, unkindness, or even thoughtlessness, may push a husband or wife into temptations

that cause the spirit to swing for days between heaven and hell. Woe is he who does not hasten to make reparation, by bringing forth generous riches of heart to lay at the feet of the elect! Happy is he who hurries to acknowledge his error—if the acknowledgment be frankly met, if hand in hand the twain appeal to the Merciful for a holier tenderness, then a band of demons will be swept from the married path. They who marry for love, and they who do not, alike need to tread their way with care, inasmuch as few persons develop their characters fully, except in the nearest relations.

Cora was young and undisciplined; she believed her husband loved her, and wished her to be happy, but in *his* way, not in her own. She had surely thought he would allow her to gratify herself by teaching a class, as she had striven so cheerfully to give up her first scheme for doing good, according to his will. She brooded over the disposition he showed to ignore her earnest purposes, to trample them out of sight, and to take pleasure in her only when she smilingly conformed herself to his character, which was quite different from her own. When she joined her husband after church she would gladly have been as cordial as usual, for her better feelings had partially gained the ascendancy, and she had a vague sense that she might possess the key to all that was best within him, if she were only a saint, which she was not. He sat where she had left him.

"It is a beautiful day!" she exclaimed, observing that he did not notice her; "it has driven away my low spirits, I believe."

He did not reply; she saw, from the expression of his countenance, that what she mildly denominated "low spirits," he styled temper. An experimental "streak" had seized him during her absence; he thought he would see how long Cora would suffer him to be stern and cold before she would dissolve in tears, and request the sunshine of his affability. His silence fell upon her like the stroke of a hammer upon hot iron; sparks of anger flashed; she had offered to conciliate; either policy, or duty, or love, had stifled her pride, and bent her to this. Now her haughty spirit raised itself, steeling with the resolve to speak no reconciling word until he had done so. An estrangement began from this mere trifle. Mr. Brentwood had long been accustomed to directing others, and seeing his wishes instantly complied with; he was scarcely aware of the authoritative tone which his mind had acquired, but as it was acquired mainly by habit, it made him appear

more inaccessible to argument and persuasion than he really was. Against a capacity for deep and constant affection, a persevering self-will was balanced; he silently made up his mind that Cora should learn that her happiness depended upon her docility. But he had aroused all the pride and persistence of her character; she moved quietly about her home, demonstrating little of thought or feeling; she grew pale and thin; her bright eyes took a haggard and care-worn expression; she wept with passionate sorrow and anger, in secret; she vainly longed for her husband's former affection, but even while she wished its return she steadily followed her own judgment in the disposition of her time. If he objected to anything absolutely, she at once complied; if he denied her anything she made no remonstrance, only her quiet lips grew a trifle firmer. Matters grew worse; Mr. Brentwood, hoping to goad her into a desire for the fondness she made no effort to win, pleased himself in company by selecting the prettiest girls, and appearing charmed by their society; he gave to them the smiles and jests that had once been Cora's. The stroke went home, and lodged, festering, in her heart. Attention to others gives a wife no pain when she knows herself beloved; but it becomes anguish when she sees turned upon herself cold looks. At last Cora flirted; then, feeling that thus she might lose the joys of heaven, in addition to those of earth, she desisted. But again she flirted, when she saw that it caused her husband to watch her with jealous anxiety. Thus months passed away, in which the young wife listened alternately to angels and to fiends. Had Mr. Brentwood had the least idea that his flexible, impulsive Cora held within her nature this quiet persistence, he never would have provoked it; but he was proud and firm to the last degree, and waited daily for her to say—"Forgive me!"

She, on the contrary, said to herself, "If we live so until the break of doom, I never will demean myself by a lie—only a lie could satisfy him, and it must run in this wise: 'Joseph, I repent! I should have yielded to you, rather than to God and duty!'"

One day Mr. Brentwood came home at an unusual hour, and said, "Cora, I find that I must go to the West Indies, to be absent six months."

She looked up from her work and asked, quietly, though a deep color rose in her cheek,

"When will you leave?"

"To-morrow. Can you get ready as soon as that?"

"Me?"

"Yes; who else should go with me?" he looked a little surprised at her.

The whole remembrance of his injustice swept in a volume through her heart—she had never given vent to her feelings in his hearing, and he did not understand the work he had wrought. Now she said, though a tremble went through her decided utterance, "I had rather not go."

"Not go!" he repeated, turning quickly upon her. "Why, I thought you had a passion for travel?"

She did not answer; she was trying to control her agitation. Laying down her work she went to the window. "Why don't you want to go, Cora?" he inquired, with anxiety. A sudden fear swooped down upon him like undreamed-of darkness in the day time.

"I think we shall be happier *apart!*" Her accent was clearer than before, yet after she had spoken she shut her teeth tightly together to keep down the regretful vision of past days. She heard his step approaching her—his arm even was about her waist; she glided from him and left the room, saying to her heart—"After wounding and bruising me so long, he thinks, with the lordly egotism of a man, that one caress, one tender word, will restore to me all that he tore from me." She went to an unoccupied chamber, locked the door, and had a soul-refreshing cry—and then! you imagine, gentle reader, that then she went to her husband and flung herself in his arms, sobbing—"O, Joseph, I'm so glad we're reconciled!" No! she did nothing of the kind! she sat down by a window with smiles on her lip and laughter in her heart—it was the sweet laughter of triumph and gratulation—it was the break of morning—the ending of her night. She had seen, with swift comprehension, that her husband's pride had melted like dew at the thought of losing her affection. She saw transferred to him the harrowing anxiety that had preyed upon herself, but she thought—"Nothing but reflection upon the course he has pursued, and its results, will make him accord to me, in future, the innocent liberty I ask." Her deep womanly intuition served her better than slow logic; her late experiences had passed her on from childhood to womanhood.

She went to her chamber, and opening her husband's traveling trunk, laid in it such articles as he would require; she heard him

pacing the sitting-room below with heavy, hasty steps. Thinking that possibly some misfortune made this journey necessary, she went to him; his eyes turned upon her with a sort of repressed entreaty; far back in their depths there lay the yearning love she had sickened for so long; involuntarily she laid her hand upon the knob of the open door by which she stood, to prevent an approach and an appeal. "Are you in any business trouble, Joseph?" she asked; "this journey is so sudden!"

"My business was never more prosperous," he returned, going to a secretary to look over some documents. He had observed her gesture of retreat as he had taken one quick step toward her. She went away, closing the door after her. With a fierce biting of his lip he pushed back his papers, and walked the floor again; his fierceness was all directed against himself. "I deserve it! I richly deserve it! *Richly!*" came from between his ground teeth. "Hang my infernal pride, and disposition to have things my own way. While I was watching her motions, and looking for the day of her capitulation, she was learning to hate me—to wish we might live *apart*. O, intolerable! I never wished or dreamed of any future which she did not charm. She has turned out such an astounding little thing; I thought she was as soft as wax. There has been my injustice; I shame to confess it to my own ears. I thought her yielding, and I meant to keep her so! I see it all! she would have been docile as a lamb forever, if I had been generous, and had studied her happiness as much as I desired that she should study mine. Now I have hardened and alienated her; but, God willing, I will repent and win her once more—my priceless little wife. How little I dreamed that I was to hunger for her smile, her presence, her nestling head, her pretty, playful actions—when I thought I could have them by a word, a motion of my hand, and an inviting smile, I did not understand what I was jeopardizing!" He quitted the room to look for her; she was in the dining-room, meditating. When she heard him coming she turned her head quickly, with a blush and smile breaking over her face, and the aforetime jubilant laughter in her heart. But by the time he entered the apartment he had the infelicity of seeing her dress disappear through another door that led to the kitchen, where the servants were. He was greatly vexed, but, having made up his mind, obstacles were like feathers. He followed her after a moment's reflection, and ah! the dear old tone went to her heart.

"Cora, will you come here a moment?"

She looked gravely at him, but obeyed, leaving the communicating kitchen door open. He closed it; then, passing his arm around her, led her to a small reception-room where they would not be interrupted.

"Cora, I have been in the wrong. I am sorry for your sake and my sake. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes," she simply uttered, looking down, with changing color.

He took her hand, and, bending down, kissed it silently. "Cora," at last he softly pronounced.

She looked up through a glittering mist of tears; he kissed her lips, her forehead, and even then she said to her heart, "He thinks it can erase the past."

"Wont you kiss *me*?" he asked, regarding her downcast face and grave expression, and seeing a kind of obduracy in her whole aspect.

She hesitated in her looks, then tranquilly answered, "I had rather not."

"Why not?"

"It would give me no pleasure, and I would rather act as I feel." She was very truthful at this moment, for she was a woman, and not a "model of all the virtues."

"Cora, you will not be so cruel as to say I have lost all your love. I have not deserved so much as this, for I loved you all the time."

"You had a strange way of showing it." The pathos of her voice took the sting from the sarcasm.

A long silence followed; then he said, taking both her hands, "Cora, go with me on this journey. You will not refuse me the opportunity of winning you again? A life of devotion shall retrieve the past. Your happiness shall be my daily, constant study."

"You said so before I risked my hand and heart in your care. I believed you then." She withdrew her hands, covered her face with them, and turned a little away from him.

"Go with me, Cora!" he entreated, passionately.

"I had rather stay!" she answered. "Mother can be with me." She hastened from the room, leaving her husband in a most perplexed and distressing state of mind. He would have given worlds to have undone that which had been done so easily. He saw his peculiar faults of disposition arrayed before him, as if they had been destroying fates, and there arose in his mind a purpose to make a crusade against them; they stood between him and Cora. Perhaps his reflections would have

been of a less melancholy aspect, if he had heard his wife's soliloquy, which ran thus:—"He will send for me to come out in the next vessel, under the captain's care, and of course I'll go, and then it will be delightful, and he will be so guarded in his conduct, so good, quite an angel in fact. Yes, I'm right; this is what I call practical lecturing,—penetrating to the first causes of things." Then her heart listened again to the music of his passion-toned utterance, and she saw his redeeming qualities, made mellow under the wise and tender touches of her who had been given him as a help-meet for him.

The next morning, even at the last moment, as he sat on his trunk and held out his hand to her, he said, "Put on your shawl as you are! Come! I'll send for everything."

She shook her head slowly; the crimson of wounded pride and love rose to his forehead: he was angry that this involuntary appeal had escaped him only to be rejected; she stood leaning against the bureau, the deep impulses of her love almost changing her purpose; tears fell over her cheeks, and dropped upon the floor: for the first time, she went to him voluntarily, sat beside him, laid her hand in his, and rested her cheek upon his shoulder.

"You shall love me yet, my darling, my little Cora," he uttered, clasping her to his heart, as burning tears were wrung from his eyes, unused to the melting mood.

He went away. Absence is very like death in its effects: it makes us just and wise in our estimates—we long to make reparations. Cora was startled to see where she had been in fault, and she lifted her heart up to the Supreme; she saw that her stubborn pride and self-righteousness had long been in the way of a reconciliation: she had held on to her misery when there might have been an end to it long before. Yet when she joined her husband in the West Indies, and he saw her happy, laughing face, he never remembered that she had been a great sinner, as well as himself.

CASUAL WORDS.

A casual word—mere sounding breath—how light its import seems! how "big with fate" it often proves! Not alone words that are the voice of daily thoughts, but words that are only the utterance of a transient emotion, forgotten as soon as felt; words that are but an idly spoken impulse melt not away with the air that holds them, but assume mysterious shapes of good or evil, to influence and haunt the hearer's life.

IT IS WELL WITH THEM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

She lifted her sad, patient eyes to the speaker's face, and gazed at her steadily.

"When we say death, the angels understand resurrection."

Still no remark, but an earnest, questioning look.

"There is no death, in the sense you and I have understood the word. Does the worm really die, or only rise, through a wonderful transformation, into a higher state of being? Is it death, or only a resurrection into a new life? And has the soul of man a feebleness of vitality than the life-spark of a stupid grub? When its earthly state is completed, shall it not rise in a new and more beautiful body, made of spiritual substances, and with a new development of powers, infinitely transcending all mortal endowments?"

And still, there was no answer: but a few rays of light came into the sad eyes.

"Paul tells us, that the invisible things of the other world may be understood by the things that appear in this. Let us take the birth of a lovely aerial being simultaneously with the apparent death of a repulsive worm, as a type of the soul's resurrection. The worm did not really die, but its life put on in a new birth, higher beauty of form, and developed higher instincts. Before, it was all of the earth, earthy; in its transformation, it became changed into a creature of more ethereal substance, fitted to enjoy the heaven of sunshine, air, and flowers. If it is so with the worm in its death, what may we not hope and believe for man?"

"Oh, my sister," said the sad-eyed listener, speaking for the first time, and in a voice that was mournful as the sound of falling tears: "if I could but comprehend this—if I could only see anything but the grave's impenetrable darkness, and my babes lying there dead, I would feel like a new being. But I saw all beauty, sweetness, and love go out of their dear faces, and their soft flesh put on marble coldness. They were dead—dead! I thought my breath would stop when the close coffin lids shut over them: and I have felt the weight of earth that covers them, lying ever since their burial upon my heart. Dead—dead! The breath went out of them, and they were gone—gone forever!"

"It was a resurrection, dear Agnes!" replied the sister, who had come, in her love,

from a distant home, to speak words of consolation in a time of sorrow,—“A resurrection of their souls, clothed in forms of immortal beauty. When they ceased to breathe in this natural world, their lungs expanded with the air of a spiritual world, and their hearts, bounding with love, sent the currents of a heavenly vitality through all their veins. Look past the grave: past the shadows and darkness: past the cold dead clay. Your children are yet alive. What you saw buried, was only their cast-off earthly garments. They have garments now of spiritual substance, that cannot be soiled by evil, nor marred by sickness.”

“If I could only be sure of this, sister,” answered the bereaved one.

“From whence came the tender love that filled your heart, sister? Was it born of yourself? No. God gave it when he gave you those children. He sent this love for them into the world for their protection. It was his love, not yours; only yours as the children were yours. Can you believe this?”

The mourner was silent.

“From whence have you life?”

“It is God’s gift.”

“Yes. We have no life in ourselves; else would we be gods. If, therefore, life is God’s gift, so are all good affections; and as a consequence that tenderest of all affections, a mother’s love for her children. Now, if mother-love is from God, will it not go with the children he takes from earth to heaven? And will he not give them into the care of angels? I can believe nothing else.”

“It is a beautiful thought,” said the sister, her sad eyes growing more luminous. “Oh, if it were to me an unquestioned truth!”

“Let your mind dwell upon it. Picture to yourself angelic homes, filled with the beauty, and grace, and happiness of childhood. Homes, into which there is the birth of a child simultaneously with the death of a child on earth. Think of your babes in one of those homes, lying on the breast of an angel, into whose heart God has given a fulness of mother-love as far above yours as are her celestial capacities.”

Was that a smile winning its way over the face of sorrow? It was something so far removed from pain or grief, that it looked like a smile.

“If I were only certain that it was so with them!” she said, with an almost fluttering eagerness.

“Is it not a more rational thought than yours? More rational than to think of so much beauty and sweetness, buried up in the earth? It was the loveliness of their souls that gave such exquisite grace to their bodies; their innocence that enshrouded them with love, and made every motion, look, and tone so full of all winning attractions. This did not, and could not die. It was not flesh, but spirit. The soul merely laid off its robes of clay, to put on garments such as the angels wear.”

“And you fully believe this, my sister?”

“As undoubtingly as I believe in my existence. Did not the Lord say of little children, ‘Their angels do always behold the face of my Father?’” Take this as you will, and is it not an assurance to us, that children are under the especial care of angels? Not their bodies only, but in a more intimate degree, their immortal spirits, which are of infinitely more value than their bodies. Can this care and love cease when the clayey vesture is laid off forever? No! For then, these loving angels—‘their angels’—can have them more entirely as their own, and draw nearer to them, because all earthly and perverting influences are removed from their souls.”

“Dear children!” said the sister, clasping her hands together, and looking upward with eyes full of light. “Dear, dear children! May it indeed be thus with you! May you be in your Father’s house, cared for by His angels.”

“Doubt it not for an instant,” was replied to this—“not for a single instant! It is well with them; better even than your imagination, made fruitful by love, could portray. Does not the word Heaven, include, in one thought, all perfection, all beauty, all felicity? Your babes are in Heaven. What more could you desire for them?”

“In Heaven; in Heaven!” The sister closed her eyes, and sat very still, trying to bridge the dark gulf of death, and walk over it in thought. She made the passage, and saw her babes on the other side. The grieving arch of her lips lost its clear outline in a smile that covered it like opening flowers.

“Yes, in Heaven, Agnes, where our mother went years ago.”

“Dear mother! If she should know them as mine! Do you think that possible, sister?”

“Why not?”

“Oh, if I could believe that!” said the mourner.

“You may believe, dear sister, that God will

let our mother know your babes, if in that knowledge would come to her any increase of happiness."

"Oh, I am sure it would make her happier," was answered, with a new-born enthusiasm. "How the thought warms my heart! Oh, sister! I feel that it must be as you say. That my lost ones are in a heavenly home."

"It is just as true love, as that you and I are in an earthly home. There are two worlds—this natural world, and the spiritual world. Here, all forms are of natural substance—there, all forms are of spiritual substance. That world is the world of causes; this world the world of effects; and as all effects correspond with their causes, we may, with the clearest reason infer, that such things as exist here in a natural manner, exist in that world in a spiritual manner. If there are trees and flowers here—green fields and shining rivers—habitations—cities—garments—and the like, made of natural substances; is it any stretch of probability to conclude that all such things exist in the other world, but made of spiritual substances? Can we form any idea of a world without them? I cannot. We have permitted all ideas of the spiritual world to float through our minds in shapes indefinite, and this because in the word spirit we thought of something unsubstantial, like a breath of wind. But, really, our spirits are the only things substantial that we possess. Our bodies are frail, changing, and finite. In a few years they will cease to exist, and be absorbed wholly into elemental nature; but our souls are imperishable and eternal. And must not the world in which they are to live forever, be real and substantial? It is harder to doubt than to believe this. Agnes, my sister—there is a bridge of light across the river of death. Pass over it, in your thought, and stand securely on the other side. There are your babes; and let an assurance that it is well with them drive all the shadows from your soul, that peace may come in with sunshine."

And peace did come into the heart of the sorrowing one. Not in vain had been the sister's words of consolation. They covered up, as it were, from the mourner's eyes, the graves of her children, and showed her their forms, clothed in garments of such beauty as mortal eyes had never seen. They were no longer dead, but alive. The marble effigies, livid with signs of dissolution, and ghastly to behold, which she had lately remembered as all of her babes that love could cling to, faded from vision,—and in heavenly homes, with love,

and life, and all of beauty around them, she saw the darlings of her soul.

It was well with them, and she believed it.

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA T. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"Put it up, put it up, my child," said the doctor.

He said it in his kindly, dignified manner—a manner which combined, at once, so much decision and gentlemanlike urbanity, that one never thought of questioning, or doubting it—a manner that was certain to bring with it inherent conviction and outward compliance.

My first impulse was to lay down my pen, for I am not naturally combative or pertinacious in small matters; but a second thought deterred me.

I began, "but, doctor, it is absolutely necessary that I should finish this story. I have promised it, and——"

He stopped me with a shake of his head, and a smile as pleasant as it was determined.

"My dear girl, there is a law more absolute than any literary engagement can be, and that is *self-preservation*. You have violated it too long already, and the only way for you to regain your health, or even to preserve your life, is to give up writing—persistently, absolutely."

I laid down my pen across the half finished sheet. "For how long, doctor?"

"For a year, at the least, probably two."

"O—h, doctor!"

He drew his chair a little nearer to me. I was a favorite with him, and he always remained a little longer in my room than he did in any of the other patients during his morning visits. "It is astonishing what a passion, an infatuation, your profession becomes with you writers. You are the hardest patients in the world."

"But, doctor, you don't understand. It is not because I am fond of writing, but because it is a necessity with me. I take up my pen many times, loathing the very sight of it; but—there is no help for it."

"There *must* be. I solemnly assure you, Miss English, that my treatment can do you no good while you persist in your work. Your physique is completely worn out with it now; your nervous system miserably relaxed, and one of two consequences will inevitably follow your present course."

"What are they, doctor?"

"Death, or insanity. I cannot answer which it may be; but here, you have been making drafts on your brain which only a foundation of strong muscles and elastic nerves could have sustained; and the great wonder is, that you, you delicately organized, highly strung, susceptible little woman, haven't given out before."

"Perhaps it would have been as well if I had."

"Oh, come now, my dear girl, you mustn't sink into despondency at the first stage. You've a long, trying ordeal before you—one that will make heavy demands on your patience and persistency. We doctors know too well that it is the hardest, slowest work in the world for an exhausted, nervous system to recuperate."

"Above all things, you must keep up an habitually cheerful tone of thought and feeling, avoiding all those despondent views of life and fate, which persons of your temperament have such a terrible habit of indulging. Come, give all that to me now."

I locked up my small writing desk mechanically, and handed it to the doctor; and after feeling my pulse, and writing a few prescriptions, he left the room.

I went to the window and sat down, out of mere habit, and looked out. It was a beautiful June morning, and the summer stood before me crowned and royally robed for the year.

I remember every shade and dimple of that wondrous landscape—the far-off mountains, over whose green roofs the day commenced its service—the meadows between hung with streams, as the robes of a bride with jewels; the woodlands, which made of the winds unseen censers that swung sweet, spicy fragrances into my window all day; the great bridge, which hung like a silver lacing over the distant waterfall, and across which the long trains of cars crept every morning and evening, looking like brown serpents with shining scales; and nearer were old farm homesteads, with deep gardens, and graceful clouds of smoke sailing out of wide-mouthed chimneys; and homely orchards and far-reaching grain-fields completed the picture.

My eyes wandered, for a moment, over all this beauty, calling to the heart, rejoicing the sight, and then I buried my face in my hands.

"It's a beautiful world," I thought, "but it wasn't made for such as I—not for such as I," and then I sat still, while the waves and the billows went over my head.

I, Constance English, was that summer a

patient of a celebrated Water-cure establishment at a small inland village among the hills of Massachusetts. I had been an inmate of it only four weeks, and I had found that the treatment benefited me, and I had entire confidence in the skill and judgment of the principal of the establishment, Doctor Williams. I had written assiduously ever since I left school, six years previous—not for fame, as the world said, not for pleasure, but for my daily bread, ay, for the very life of those dearer to me than my own.

For I was an orphan, with two brothers and two sisters, the eldest of these scarcely sixteen, and all fragile as I was.

The flagrant dishonesty of my father's partner, and the sudden discovery of the wreck of our entire fortune, when the former was no longer a young man, threw him into a brain fever, from which he never recovered. In a little while my broken-hearted mother followed him, and then we all removed to the little village of Woodford, where my widowed aunt resided in the old homestead, which had belonged to our grandfather, and which was all that she owned on earth.

It is no small, nor light matter, whatsoever the uninitiated may dream of it, for a young girl, without friends or influence, to make for herself a name and a reputation in the world of letters.

But I had done this; I said it over to myself many times, with a smile which was sadder than tears. I knew just how much reputation—what the world calls *fame*—was worth to a woman; what a poor, cold, mocking gift it was, after all.

For I had toiled early and late, weaving up into poem, and sketch, and story, the dreams which filled my fancies, or the thoughts which stirred my soul, and earned—a little more than a district school-teacher, and less than a saleswoman of ordinary capacity; and for this I had bartered the strength of my youth, the health and hope of my life.

For I had not flagged until the pen dropped from my nerveless fingers. Day after day I had gone to my task, as the factory child goes to his labor, and pillowed my aching forehead on my hand, and written, written, until all the lines ran together, and I had groped my way to my bed, and fell down upon it in the stupor of nervous exhaustion.

And at last there had followed days of utter debility and slow pain, and nights filled with feverish starts and dreams, while the pills and

powders of the village doctor had utterly failed to reach my case.

And at last the friends whose judgment I trusted most said to me, "You will never get better here. You want rest and change of air and scene. Try the Water cure."

And I went, intending to stay but a month, and sighing sometimes to myself, as I thought of the fearful inroads which that month's expense must make upon the little sum I had so carefully hoarded.

I was beginning already to experience benefit from the treatment, from early rising and regular exercise, and implicit obedience to the rigid dietetic regulations; and I had gone back to my first story as soon as my fingers had strength to guide my pen across the lines; and here the doctor had found me, and I knew that every word which he had spoken to me was the truth.

I took up my purse and shook it in the sun, and laughed as the gold coins flashed through the silken meshes; and then I looked all about me, thinking the laugh belonged to somebody else, for my voice sounded so wild and strange as I remembered that purse contained all the money which I owned in the world, and now my only means of support had failed me.

Then I glanced at the little lava basket on the table, piled to the very brim with notes and letters, traced by hands which had never clasped mine, and yet most of them fragrant with such words of love and gratitude that they had fallen into my heart like the song of birds or the breath of flowers—words thanking me for the good purposes I had stirred and strengthened, for springs which my pen had opened, for souls lightened, refreshed, healed, by the messages which I had sent them.

And the tone of all these letters was full of compliment and congratulation. The writers fancied the name I had won was enough to satisfy all other wants and needs—that I

"Lay in the lilies, and fed on the roses of life."

And they had written to me from the shelter of quiet home roofs, with fathers, and brothers, and friends to shield them from every want, and I—oh, God forgive me if in that hour of utter desolation and weakness my heart rose up angrily and bitterly against my fate.

But what was to be done? The words walked up and down my mind that morning, and found no rest nor answer.

What was to be done with those boys and girls, too young and too fragile to take care of themselves, and on the green leaves of whose

lives poverty must lie like a canker and a mildew?

There was no one to think or to do for them, for my aunt was one of those timid, flexible natures who could no more battle with the storms of fate than a child.

Gentle and self-sacrificing, she had devoted her life to her brother's orphan children, but she had none of that independence and creative force of character, that quickness of perception and movement, which serves one in all practical emergencies.

And as I revolved this question in my mind, only one answer forced itself upon me: "Go to the city and establish a private boarding-house. Your aunt has domestic tact and economy, and you must make up what she lacks in foresight and sagacity, then you will have made friends, which will secure to you the class of inmates you desire; and then your brothers and sisters will have better social and literary advantages in the city, and if you represent this to your aunt, she will sell the old homestead and remove to the city, and take a house there." Alas! I was so young and inexperienced, and there was no one to counsel me, and I did not know that this project of keeping boarders, the resort of so many widows, and wives whose husbands had failed and broken down in business, was one which seldom succeeded, one which a sensitive, refined woman must usually prove to be a life of long vexation and suffering, placing her, of necessity, in such close social and domestic relations with the coarse and ill-bred, the selfish, the dishonest, and the vile.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, isn't it pleasant? I wish that you and I could stay here forever, Miss Constance."

"I wish that we could—oh, Florence, I wish it away down in my soul!"

It was the second day after the doctor had issued his prohibition respecting my writing. I had passed as much of this time as the rules of the establishment permitted, in my own room.

I do not think that I had had full possession of my reason during this interval, for I remember glancing frequently at a small ivory pen-knife which lay on the table, and thinking how the bright steel blade would at once put an end to my misery, and at last, because of a vague fear and apprehension, I had placed it out of sight.

We sat under a great gnarled apple tree,

whose branches swept the long grass in the orchard back of the house—Florence Wilbur and I.

She was a beautiful child, just mounting her eleventh year, with the delicate grace of a water-lily. She was an orphan, like myself, and had been placed at the Water-cure by her guardian and uncle, on account of a hereditary weakness of eyesight, which no one would have suspected, looking into those long lashed orbs, which were like springs, still and azure, hidden in old mossy woods.

Florence and I had taken to each other wonderfully, from the first. There was little pleasure to me in the society of the crowd of fashionable people who gathered at the "Water-cure" for the novelty of the thing, and because of the beautiful scenery amid which it was situated; but I was too ill in soul and body to be lionized, and avoided every one but Florence, thus earning for myself the reputation of a recluse and a blue.

Soft winds combed through the long grass, and shook the leaves overhead, and a little way from us a shallow brook tangled with gurgling laughter, the silver skeins of its waters over the stones.

Florence Wilbur gathered the buttercups and clover blossoms in the grass, and twined them in my hair; and at last she said to me, suddenly throwing the flowers out of her lap—

"I wish you would tell me a story, Miss Constance?"

"What kind of one, darling?" kissing the sweet young face, which had fallen on my shoulder.

"Oh, like some of those in that little book which you gave me."

She alluded to a small volume of juvenile stories, which I had written, during the long evenings of the previous winter, thus cheating myself of the rest which I needed. What wonder that my nerves had exacted a fearful account at last!

"I shall never write another book, Florence."

I must have uttered the words as mournfully as I felt them, for she looked up hastily, with wonder and regret in her eyes.

"Why shan't you?"

"Because I am sick, and the doctor has forbidden it."

"But you will get well, you see, one of these days."

"I don't know; it will be a long, long time first."

Then there fell a silence betwixt us. She pulled the long spires of grass, and wound them around her slender fingers, and braided and knotted them together; and suddenly, with a childish intuition that I was in trouble of some kind, she put her arms around my neck and whispered, "I love you, I love you very much, Miss Constance."

They were just the best words which could have been spoken to me at that time, and I was drawing the little girl into my lap, when a loud voice, close at hand, startled us both.

"Ah, my bird, so you've left your cage and taken to the apple boughs?"

Florence sprang up, and, turning round, faced the speaker. Her face broke into sudden gladness, and with a cry, she leaped forward—"Uncle Graham! Uncle Graham!"

He gathered her into his arms, and up to his heart, lavishing such caresses on her as fathers do not often on their children.

At last, he placed her down, and approached me with a smile wavering about his lips. "I beg you will excuse this demonstrative meeting between my niece and myself, but I am the nearest relative she has on earth."

"I knew that, and you too, sir, through Florence, so your apologies are quite unnecessary."

"But I am not so fortunate as you are," glancing at the little girl. She understood him, and came forward with that half shy grace so habitual to her. "This is Miss Constance English, and this is my uncle, Graham Wilbur."

He lifted his hat, and then he took my hand, and said, with that same half defined smile, which was neither bright nor glowing, but which made a light over his face, like that which the sun leaves in the west, just after it has dropped behind a mountain, "I have a pleasant superstition about informal introductions."

He darted one keen, searching glance into my face,—such only as a man would do who had seen much of human nature, and who from large experience and knowledge therein had come to form his opinions rapidly, though not with ill-advised haste.

"Do you allow any intruders under the shadows of your green tent?"

"It is entirely at your service, sir," and I was about to leave the tree, thinking the uncle and niece would prefer to be alone together, but he shook his head—"I shall not be comfortable if I drive you away—besides, Florence and I have no secrets."

"No, do stay, Miss Constance," pleaded

the little girl. "I want you and uncle to get acquainted."

So we sat down together on the grass, and the gentleman drew the little girl on his knee, and they fell into a light running conversation, broken by occasional remarks to myself, although I liked best to listen, and this, I believe, both understood.

Graham Wilbur was a dark, slender man, not an inch above medium height. He was not handsome, but he had a face which interested, and puzzled, and attracted one—a face which the more you studied it the more you placed confidence in it.

The features were strong and slight, and the eyes were of a deep, steady brown, when they looked you calm and full in the face, but when in conversation, their hues varied, and brightened and darkened into as many different shades as veined agate held in sunlight.

The lips were close, and firm, and thin when at rest, and it took me a long time to discover that they had as many varieties of meaning as the eyes.

Florence's uncle had been absent two years, traveling in Europe and the East, and I was deeply absorbed in the stories which he told her of the strange people amid whom he had been, the scenes he had witnessed, and the life he had led,—all depicted in such vivid language, that each picture seemed to start and grow out of his words, until it stood, a living reality before us.

And at last he told us of a narrow escape which he had had from a company of wild Arabs, who were scouring a tract of country in the southern part of Persia, and came upon him while he was returning from a visit to the ruins of Persepolis, with no one but his guide.

"Oh, uncle, what if they had killed you?" cried Florence, shuddering and drawing closer to him, for her small fingers had been moving up and down his thick, long hair, while he talked.

"My little girl, it was God who took care of me: it was His good will and pleasure that I should come back to you."

He said these words with a tender solemnity which strangely moved me. All the anchors of my faith and trust in God's overruling wisdom and love seemed to have failed me, and I was drifting out over deep waters, and there were no stars set in the sky, no lights on the distant shores to guide me.

"Do you believe," I asked, "that there is a God who loves and takes care of us?"

Mr. Wilbur turned and looked in my face

without speaking; but though the glance was long and searching, and pierced beyond my features to the heart and soul within them, I did not shrink, I am not even certain that my eyes fell, for they had confronted him, calm, and level, and steady, when I asked the question.

At last he spoke, so kind and pitiful, that I felt the springs which had been frozen in my heart loosen themselves. "There was once a time when I asked myself this question, and God answered it for me; but I know it is one which no soul ever utters, especially a woman's, without it has passed through terrible doubt and suffering."

"That is true," I said, more to myself than to him.

"And of you, even more than of most women, because one can very easily see how strong an element in your character reverence and faith must be."

I did not answer him, I sat still and thought a moment, playing unconsciously with the broken and withered flowers which Florence had scattered in my lap.

At last I asked, "But would your faith in God's love and care come back to you if He had left you all alone in the darkness and despair, with no light to guide, no hand to lead you?"

"He never does, if we will only look up, and see the one, and take hold of the other. It is only when we view things from our low, narrow stand-point, that we feel like this. The light shines, though we do not see it. You are walking in the valleys now, but remember what I say, God will lead you up to the mountains, where you will have clearer vision, and understand something of what that means—Our Father who art in Heaven."

He bowed his head reverently, and my heart broke up at those words, the unspeakably blessed and precious inheritance of every human soul. I never felt before what hidden treasures of trust, promise, and love there were in them, and I burst into tears.

Florence crept out of her uncle's lap, and into mine: he did not speak to me, he knew those tears were appointed for my healing.

Just then the bell rang for tea. It was one of the regulations of the establishment that we should be punctual at our meals.

He rose up, took Florence's hand, and offered me his arm. I cannot remember that we conversed going up to the house, but I know that something of pain, and bewilderment, and darkness had gone out of my heart, that I had

less fear of the future, because I had more faith in God.

Immediately after tea, I was summoned to the parlor to see an old class-mate, whom I had not met since we parted, six years before.

The evening wore rapidly away, until the hour for retiring, and I did not see Florence or her uncle until the next morning. The former came to my room after breakfast, and her face was full of some new tidings.

"Do you know," she said, in breathless eagerness, "that we are to leave to-day—uncle and I?"

"Oh, Florence, what does it mean?"

"He had letters from his lawyer last night, which will take him at once to the West and South on business, and he has consulted Doctor Williams, and they both think the journey will do me good."

"What shall I do without you, my little girl?"—lifting her on my knee.

Her soft hands stroked my face—"I am very sorry to leave you, dear, darling Miss Constance, and do you know, I think Uncle Graham likes you as much as I do."

"Oh, that is just a fancy of yours."

"No it isn't," (very positively), "because he asked me all sorts of questions about you last night, and I showed him your book, and he looked a long time at that picture of you on the front page, and he said, 'It is like her—the soft, delicate outline, the shadowy eyes, and sweet drooping mouth, I should know it, anywhere, and yet it wants something of her expression—the something which individualizes and idealizes her face.'"

"Well, Florence, your uncle might not like you to repeat what he said."

"He wouldn't care, I am certain, just to you. But you will go down, and sit with me a little while, under the grape vines? It will be the last time, you know."

Mr. Wilbur met us on the landing and accompanied us out into the garden. "It is a great disappointment that I must go away so suddenly, I had promised myself a week's rest and recreation, but my summons is imperative."

"I am very sorry too to lose my little pet."

He did not answer me, but sat still, playing with the ivory head of his slender cane, as though lost in thought.

"How beautiful the morning is." I said this to break the silence, which had begun to grow oppressive, as we sat in the deep cool shadows of the vines.

He started as one does from a sudden reverie. "Yes, such mornings always bring a message

to me, and I hear it, as though sweet bells rung it through and through the air above me—'God is good.'"

Another brief silence, and then he turned round, and faced me, and spoke in his earnest way:

"Miss English, I am not a conventional man; and I have something to say to you, which only a longer acquaintance would warrant. Will you promise, at least, not to take offence at its freedom?"

"I will promise."

"Then, I was not regretting that I must leave this morning, for any reason, saving that an opportunity for cultivating a further acquaintance with you is just now denied me."

"Thank you, sir—I am, however—"

"No; you are answering me courteously as you would any gentleman who had made a similar remark to you. Let me anticipate the remainder of your reply. And now, I have a favor to ask of you. May I?"

"Yes," smiling at his abrupt manner, and my monosyllabic answer.

"I saw an engraving of your face, last night, in the little volume which I gave to my niece. Have you any of these pictures with you?"

"Several."

"Well, for good and sufficient reasons, and those which no lady could disapprove, I wish to look on your face occasionally. Will you give me one of these pictures?" I hesitated a moment—it was a strange request—then I looked up at him and I saw by his manner that he read what was passing in my mind.

"You do not hesitate to trust me?"

"No, I will give you one."

"It must be at once, then, for we have only ten minutes left," looking at his watch.

I gave him the picture in the front hall, just as he left, with Florence clinging around my neck, and her cheeks stained with tears, because of her regret at leaving me.

"Thank you," he said, "some time I will tell you why I wanted it: God willing, we shall meet again. He will lead you up the mountains in a little while, as I told you last night."

He kissed my hand, and silently and gently drew Florence away.

"Good-b'ye, not as the world says it, say I it to thee."

"Good-b'ye, Mr. Wilbur."

And they went out of the gate, and I stood alone, in the hall, and the memory of all my acquaintance with Graham Wilbur was like a dream, that is gone when one awakeneth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ENVIED LOT.

BY MARGARET LYON.

"NOTHING to do but to sit at the window and read; to make calls, to receive visitors, or to enjoy herself in any way that suits her fancy. Some people in this world have all the work allotted to them, while others sport like butterflies in the sunbeams. I belong to the working class."

And Mrs. Fulton sighed wearily. She stood, holding a great fat baby in her arms, looking across the street through the half-drawn curtains, at a neighbor who sat by her parlor window reading. Every day Mrs. Fulton saw her sitting there, neatly dressed and ready for company; almost every day she saw her going out or coming in. She had, apparently, no work to do, and seemed free from care. Mrs. Fulton envied her. Even as she stood now, looking at her neighbor, a hand pulled vigorously at her dress, and a voice cried, fretfully,

"Mamma! mamma! Jane's got my doll's bonnet, and wont give it to me."

Mrs. Fulton let fall the curtain which she had drawn aside, and turning with a quick movement, said, with some excitement of manner, for she was just in the state of mind to feel disturbing influences,

"Quarreling again! It is too bad! Why did Jane take your doll's bonnet? What did you do to her?"

"I only pushed over a chair in her baby-house. Shant she give me my doll's bonnet?"

"Did you push over the chair on purpose?" asked Mrs. Fulton.

"I asked her to let me take it out, and she wouldn't," said the child.

"And then you pushed it over?" Mrs. Fulton looked at her sternly.

"Shant Jane give me my doll's bonnet? I want my doll's bonnet," and the little girl began to cry passionately.

"Stop this instant!" exclaimed the mother, grasping her arm.

There was menace in her voice, and the child knew by experience that if she did not stop her cries, a blow would, most likely, fall upon her.

Still holding tightly the child's arm, Mrs. Fulton passed with her to the room above, where, a little while before, she had left her children at play.

"Jane," she said, "what is the trouble between you and Mary? Why don't you give her the doll's bonnet?"

"Because she knocked over a chair in my baby-house, and wouldn't set it up again." And Jane looked angry and revengeful.

"And so," said the mother, by a sudden effort regaining her self-possession, and speaking in a subdued tone of voice, "you return evil for evil."

"She'd no business to knock over my chair," replied Jane, with scarcely a sign of relenting.

"That is true, my daughter; but as I have often told you, two wrongs never make a right. I am sorry that, because she acted badly, you have done the same. Mary," and she turned to the younger child, "go and put that chair in its right place."

Mary knew that to hesitate would be to involve her in punishment; so, with pouting lips, and a slow, reluctant hand, she obeyed her mother, and put the chair in its right position.

"Now, Jane," added the mother, "give Mary her doll's bonnet."

And that was done, but in no very gracious manner.

Mrs. Fulton tried, now, by a few rightly spoken words, to make her children see the evil of their conduct. But passion blinded both of them, and she made, apparently, no impression.

"Naughty children!" she exclaimed at last, impatiently, losing her own self-control, and turning from them with a sad, bitter feeling in her heart, saying to herself, "I am discouraged! There seems to be no good in them. Oh, if my children were only kind to one another! If I could see them growing up in love and good will, all of my life's burdens would be easy to bear."

And she sat down with her heart in shadow. Mrs. Fulton had not felt very well since morning. She had risen with a headache, which had accompanied her thus far through the day. It was a dull, deep-seated headache, attended by a disturbance of the whole nervous system, and bringing depression of mind as well as body. As often happens in the best ordered households, everything had seemed to go wrong for the day. The cook was late with her breakfast, and sent nearly every article of food spoiled to the table. Mr. Fulton complained of his coffee; said something unpleasant about the badly-cooked steak; grumbled over his hard-boiled eggs; and finally left the table and the house in evident ill-humor. Mrs. Fulton did not eat a mouthful—she would have choked in the attempt to swallow food. After

leaving the breakfast-table, Mrs. Fulton went up stairs to the sitting-room, where she commenced the work of washing and dressing her baby. In the midst of this, and while the baby lay half washed on her lap, John, her oldest boy, who was just ready to start for school, caught his sleeve on a nail, and tore in it a great rent. If she waited to finish washing and dressing the baby before mending this rent, John would be too late for school. So she had to cover the naked baby in her lap while she mended the garment. The child was already out of patience with the washing and dressing business, and now commenced screaming to the full capacity of its lungs. Fretted, in consequence of the torn jacket, and the necessity for mending it under such unfavorable circumstances, and now more fretted with the child's screaming, Mrs. Fulton's head began to ache with greater intensity, the pain almost blinding her.

"Now, off to school as fast as you can go!" said the mother, as she pushed John from her, after he had put on the mended jacket. But, instead of leaving the room at once, John commenced rummaging through the book-case.

"Why don't you go to school?" demanded Mrs. Fulton, in a sharp voice.

"I can't find my Philosophy," replied John.

"What did you do with it?"

"I didn't do anything with it. Somebody's hid it away," answered the boy, in a dogged manner.

"I wish you'd take care of your books," said Mrs. Fulton, fretfully. "There's always some trouble about them. Go and look up stairs in your room."

"It isn't there, I know," said the boy, positively.

"Then look down in the dining-room."

"I have looked there."

"Well, go and look again."

John went down stairs, but returned, in a little while, saying he could not find the book.

"O, dear! there's always some trouble. Go and look for the book right. It hasn't flown away, nor walked away." Mrs. Fulton spoke with angry impatience.

John went again to the book-case, and searched deliberately through all the shelves. Then he went to the closet, and reduced things to disorder there, but without finding his Philosophy.

"You'll be late to school," said the worried mother.

"Well, I can't go without my Philosophy."

"What's the reason you can't?"

"I'll be kept in, so I will."

As Mrs. Fulton could not leave off washing the baby to look for John's book, and as John wouldn't go without it, the school hour came and found him still at home. As soon as Mrs. Fulton could lay her baby in the cradle, she went to the book-case, and almost the first object on which her eyes rested, was John's Philosophy.

"Here it is, you troublesome boy! and I've a mind to box your ears. Now run off to school as fast as your feet will carry you."

"I want an excuse," said John, standing firm.

"Tell your teacher the reason why you are late."

"She won't take that excuse. It must be written."

So Mrs. Fulton had to sit down and write an excuse, though her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold the pen, and her headache was so blinding that she could scarcely see the paper.

After John had gone to school, and Jane and Mary had been enjoined to keep very quiet, and not wake the baby, who was sleeping in the cradle after his morning ablutions, Mrs. Fulton went down into the kitchen to give some directions about dinner, and to say a word to the cook about her morning delinquencies. The cook was far from being in an amiable mood, and on the first word of complaint went off into a passion, and indulged in some very unwarrantable impertinences, at which the lady became naturally indignant. Certain things that she said in a cutting and authoritative way offended madam cook, who gave notice that she would leave on the next day.

As this scene with the cook closed, the curtain rose on another scene of excitement. Jane and Mary had quarreled, and in their noisy strife awakened the sleeping baby before his nap was half finished. His screams, mingled with the passionate vociferations of Jane and Mary, smote on the ear of poor Mrs. Fulton, as she emerged from the kitchen.

"O dear!" she ejaculated, clasping her throbbing temples, "I shall go crazy with all this," and running up stairs, she silenced the angry children with a sharp reproof, and taking up the baby, soothed it to quiet on her breast.

It was a little while after this scene, that she stood at the parlor window, looking through the half drawn curtain at the envied lady on the other side. Even while she sighed over the heavier burdens that were laid on her weak

shoulders, she was called away from the parlor, as the reader has seen, by a renewal of strife among her children. As she sat, after the subsidence of this little storm, in despondency and discouragement, she heard the bell ring. A lady friend had called, and she went down into the parlor to meet her.

"Are you not well?" said the lady, as she took her hand and looked into her pale face, the smile on which did not obliterate all marks of pain.

"Not very well," she replied, the smile fading quite away, and leaving on her countenance an expression of weariness and care. "It is one of my headache days. I have had them ever since I can remember. Time was when I could find a quiet room, where I could remain undisturbed, until the quivering nerves found rest and ease; but that day passed long ago. There is no rest, nor ease, nor quiet, for a mother. Well or ill, she must be at her post. Ah, my friend; there are times when I feel that my lot is a hard one; that my burdens are heavier than I can bear."

And Mrs. Fulton, overcome for the moment, by her feelings, gave way to tears.

The friend sat silent until she had a little recovered herself, and then offered some words of comfort; but they did not reach the heart of Mrs. Fulton. She was in a complaining and desponding mood. The current of her thoughts had taken a wrong direction, and no light word could turn it back again. The comforting suggestions of her friend were pushed aside as of no value.

"It is work, work, toil, toil, early and late, sick or well, fresh or weary. That is my lot, and I think it a hard one. Look at Mrs. H— sitting idly by the window opposite, dressed for company, and with nothing to do but to read, visit and go out and come in at her own good pleasure."

"And yet," answered the friend, "your lot is blessed and your home a paradise compared with hers. Did you ever study her face? There, look at it now. She has lifted her eyes from the book—I doubt if her thought is on its pages. Notice her mouth. She cannot see us as we stand behind this curtain, and gaze through the small opening. Did you ever see a sadder expression?"

"It is sad," said Mrs. Fulton, "very sad. I never noticed it before."

"Patient and sad," remarked the friend, in a tone of sympathy.

"Do you know her?" asked Mrs. Fulton.

"Not personally. But I know something of her life and history, and there are some pas-

sages, that I can never think of without shuddering. She is not happy with her husband, and never can be. Ten years ago she was engaged to a young man, between whom and herself existed the tenderest passion. Mr. H—who is now her husband, addressed her at the same time with the young man to whom I have referred, but she declined his suit and favored that of the other. Her father was on the side of Mr. H—, who was wealthy; but she was true to her lover against all opposition from her parents, and all overtures on the part of Mr. H—.

"Unwilling to marry without the full approval of her parents, the union of the lovers was deferred from month to month, until nearly two years of patient waiting had elapsed, when, a free consent being still withheld, the marriage was about being consummated in the face of all opposition.

"Just one week before her appointed wedding day, the young man was arrested for the crime of forgery: Under these circumstances, the ceremony was, of course, put off. Notwithstanding the young man's persistent declaration of innocence, there was sufficient evidence on the trial to convict him, and he was sentenced to the State's Prison for five years. It was nearly a year before the almost broken-hearted girl again appeared in society. Mr. H— then renewed his attentions, and pressed his suit so earnestly, that, in time, she yielded, what most persons believed, a reluctant consent. They were married. A year afterwards, some friends of the unhappy young man, who still lay in prison, received intimations from an unknown source, that there had been foul play. That he was really innocent of the crime for which he had been sentenced to a fearful expiation. Enough was communicated to put them on the right track of investigation. Having the clue, they followed it steadily, but surely, until the whole mystery was unraveled. Sufficient evidence was obtained, to show that the forgery was committed by some other person; and this person, while concealing himself under an assumed name, gave such a clear detail of facts and circumstances bearing on the case, as left no doubt whatever of the young man's innocence, and he was immediately pardoned by the Governor. But the information received did not stop here; it charged H— with being an accomplice in the matter; not as a sharer in the crime, so far as receiving a portion of the money was concerned, but as an adviser of the ways and means, by which an innocent young man should be convicted and sent to prison.

There was not sufficient evidence against him for legal prosecution, but in the minds of all who looked closely into the matter, he was considered guilty of one of the basest crimes that can stain human nature.

"It is said, that the young man on being released from prison, went to the house of Mr. H—, and charged him, in the presence of his wife, with the dastardly crime of which he had been guilty; alleging, at the same time, that he had all the proofs of his complicity, and would not only expose him before the world, but prosecute him to the law's fullest extent. It is said further, that his appeal to Mrs. H—, on this occasion, was of the most agonizing character, and that she was so shocked as to lose all consciousness and lie insensible for many hours. Friends interposed to prevent any public exposure of the matter. The young man, whose innocence was made clear, returned to his old social position, and assumed his old business relations. A few years ago, he married one of the loveliest girls in our city. He lives only in the next block, and few days pass, I think, in which Mrs. H— does not see his sweet young wife and pleasant child go past her window."

The lady paused, looking still into the face of Mrs. Fulton.

"You envied Mrs. H—, a little while ago," she continued, "are you ready to exchange places with her now?"

"No—no—no!" said Mrs. Fulton with much feeling. "You said truly, that my lot was blessed and my home a paradise compared with hers. Exchange places? God forbid! I would sink down and die under the burden that rests upon her heart."

"We have all our burdens," said the friend. "You have your burdens and I have mine; and sometimes they seem heavy and hard to bear. But oh, they are light as thistle-down compared with what some others have to endure. You have a kind, honorable husband, and children, of whom any mother might be proud—not sinless cherubs, of course, but touched with faults and evil inclinations, that require their mother's care, discipline and patience. If she is faithful to her high responsibilities, great will be her reward—rich her blessing."

"Thank you, my kind, wise friend," said Mrs. Fulton, light breaking over her face, "I stand corrected; you have taken a mist from before my eyes, and I see things in new and truer relations. Poor Mrs. H—! Is the case indeed so sad with her? There is no compensation in ease and leisure for a trouble like

hers. If I am worn and weary with my day's work, I can lie down at night, in peace, and sleep. If I am sometimes fretted at the faults of my children, how much oftener is my heart full of gladness in their tender love? Have I not cause for thankfulness? And yet I have been murmuring over a lot that is full of blessings. Thanks for the lesson you have taught me. I shall be wiser in the time to come."

HALF HOURS IN THE LIBRARY.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book.—MILTON.

Says Bulwer:—

"All books grow homilies by time; they are Temples, at once, and landmarks. In them we live, Who, but for them, upon that inch of ground We call 'the present,' from the cell could see No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar. Turn as we list, the world's great axle round, Traverse all space, and number every star, And feel the 'near,' less household than the 'far!' There is no past so long as books shall live."

Books! glorious books! Nothing that has come into the world ever came bringing with it such light and joy as books; nothing so perpetually nourishes into bloom the flowers of eternal youth and peace. This constant rejuvenescence produced by books was frequently the theme of the earlier writers, always fresh and naive in their illustrations, and in the spirit with which they conceived a new thought. Richard de Bury, that most learned prelate, and Bishop of Durham, who probably gathered together the very first private library in England, and whose love of books was remarkable for an age not literary, says, in his admirable tribute to the value of books, "In books we find the dead, as it were, living. * * * A book made, renders succession to the author; for as long as the book exists, the author, remaining immortal, cannot perish." Here we find the original of Bulwer's verse above—

"There is no past so long as books shall live," and written as long ago as 1344.

The delights that cluster around a well arranged library, are not to be compared with any other pleasures the world can afford. The changes and fluctuations of every other earthly thing have no part here; nor do we ever find, in books, ingratitude, coldness, spite, malice, envy, or mockery. Not the grand public library, with its insincere show, and almost uncourteous welcome, very different

from the cosy comfortableness of the more humble snugger in that most humble of places, home. You know what Leigh Hunt has to say about public libraries—"immense apartments, with books all in museum order, especially wire-safed. They are not places to sit in," he says; "the jealous silence, the dissatisfied looks of the messengers, the inability to help yourself, the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the gentleman in black, or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee, with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's setting heartily to work." No, no; you want your books to yourself, just as much as you want your wife and children. If such exclusiveness teach a man selfishness, what then? Your jealous care brings you into nearer communication with your treasures, so that they teach you all knowledge, and wisdom, as well, and one cannot afford to be liberal in everything, you know. You want to be walled in with books, like that glorious old Gascon, Montaigne, in his Round Tower; or Charles Lamb, in his second story back room, with one window; or Leigh Hunt, in that Italian chamber of his, with its two windows, one looking toward the mountains, the other out upon the sea, and Hunt himself sitting with his back upon the one, and the other securely fastened up.

Montaigne, from the third story of his Round Tower, tells us that there he used to pass away most of the days of his life, and most of the hours of the day. "I am," he says, "in my kingdom, and I endeavor to make myself an absolute monarch, and to sequester this one corner from all society." And again—"I enjoy it as a miser does his money, in knowing that I may enjoy it when I please; my mind is satisfied with this right of possession." There is a philosophy in Montaigne's love of books after this fashion of undivided and unmolested, especially unmolested, ownership, which few modern readers will appreciate. Some one may call this a fling at the borrowers, as if they were not transgressors of an infinitely bad type, and were to be any more exempted from blame than other evil-doers. They may be a necessary evil, at least D'Israeli, the elder, notices them as an all-prevailing evil, for, says he, "Great collections of books are inevitably subject to certain accidents besides the damp, the worms, and the rats; one not less common is that of the borrowers, not to say a word of the purloiners." Let no one suppose that the accumulation of books can be conducted as

satisfactorily or as successfully under circumstances different from those mentioned by Montaigne. A mere handful of books, a dozen volumes, may be the nucleus of a promising library, but the promise will be realized just in the ratio that the books are regarded, and taken care of as property. This may be an ultra theory, and unpalatable to the extremists; but lovers of books—we mean those who glory in them for a possession, like Chapman, who sat among his tomes "like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes,"—will not dispute our word.

Wherever there is a genuine love for books there is a desire for their accumulation. The gentle Elia found all his treasures at the book stalls, and his library showed "a handsome contempt of appearances." Leigh Hunt, who also spent as happy moments at the stalls as any literary apprentice boy who ought to be moving onwards, says of the library of his friend—"It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals—now a Chaucer at nine and two pence, from one stall; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Browne, from another, at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor; a Spinoza; an old English dramatist, Prior and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are 'neat as imported.' The very perusal of their backs is a discipline of humanity. There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old radical friend; there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden; there the lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker lamb, Sewall; there Guzman d'Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted; even the high, fantastical Duchesse of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honors, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids." Southey had a tremendous love for the accumulation of books, which, indeed, to him was the business of his life—prosecuted as a system, or a part of that system which severe application and arrangement perfected to the accomplishment of the grandest results. Perhaps no one ever better understood the absolute resources of his literary treasures than this indefatigable and most methodical worker in literature. His house at Keswick was a veritable Literary Museum, the walls of rooms, halls, entry passages, and stair cases, being literally hung with treasures in the "art of arts," often arranged in a unique manner, and contemplated with unflinching pride and pleasure by their industrious owner. One entire room was set apart for certain volumes

which had lost their freshness by long usage, but which, by a novel design, were made the most attractive in the house. These were the special charge of his wife and daughters, who would re-cover them in muslins of various colors, taking care to suit the pattern to the contents, clothing a sober book in drab or gray, a volume of poetry in some flowery design, romance in gay colors, etc. Near two thousand volumes were rejuvenated in this way, and these Southey playfully styled his Cottonian Library. Cowley's love of books began in earliest boyhood. Selden was called "the walking library," and his "Table Talk" proves his familiarity with books to have been wonderful, and the title not bestowed on him in vain. Dean Swift's "Battle of the Books" is the brilliant fancy of a lover of libraries.

It is pleasant to think of that excellent scholar and estimable gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney, as a lover of books. Leigh Hunt used to throne himself among his volumes, perhaps like Chapman, and, stealing a sidelong glance at one, a furtive top look upward at another, a backward glance at Dryden and Pope, a left hand affectionate gaze at Chaucer, and a sort of overhauling look at all, settle himself gradually into the contemplation of some one special favorite. "A single congenial volume," says Tuckerman, "represents to the imaginative mind the idea of literature, just as a sketch or statue symbolizes art." Who then so eloquent, at such a time, to lend his graces to the reader, and to absorb him utterly, as the ever gentle and honorable Sir Philip Sidney:

"Sidney, as he fought,
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot."

SHELLEY'S ADONAIH.

Of all the gentle and chivalrous spirits that ever exercised an influence in the world, or left a name for after ages to love and delight in, foremost for honor, and bravery, and truth, and Christian worth, stands the valorous soldier, and true-hearted knight, the pride of the Court of Elizabeth, and the glory of the humanizing spirit of the age. The golden era which produced Spenser, Skakspeare, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Burleigh, the sagacious, and a host of other registered glories, produced no one more gifted or voluntarily great than Sidney, who was the pride of the brilliant company. Of a more chivalric type, even, than Bayard, the chevalier "without fear and without reproach," he was not merely the model Christian soldier, displaying on the field of Zutphen a courage and humanity

never surpassed, but in the various capacities of poet, scholar, and statesman, he never failed to excite the admiration of the polished, the learned, and the great. His earliest biographer, Fulke Greville, pronounces him "a true model of worth; a man fit for conquest, plantation, reformation, or what action soever is greatest and hardest amongst men;" and the latest, in our own times, who has written of him,* calls him "a hero born to greatness, achieving greatness, and having greatness thrust upon him; not the greatness of massive intellect, or of hereditary position, but rather that which is the result of a perfectly harmonious nature; the union of inherited worth and rare culture, with a heart spontaneously generous, earnest, and true. When we add to this the personal endowments of manly beauty, of stately presence, and of gentle speech, we may not marvel that he was the cynosure of the court and the idol of friendship; that the partial queen claimed him as 'her jewel,' or that famous men sought posthumous praise in the monumental record—"The friend of Sir Philip Sidney."† Campbell pronounced his brief, but beautiful life, poetry put into action; Thomson has embalmed his memory in his most harmonious verse; Spenser commemorated his poetic appellation of *Astrophel*; "Sidney trod," says the author of the *Effigies Poeticæ*, "from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory;" the noble Camden wrote of him: "Whatever we loved and admired in him will continue in the memories of men, the revolutions of ages, and the annals of time;" an elegiac plaint from King James, of Scotland, swelled the universal voice of praise; even the flinty heart of Philip II. was softened at the death of so good a man, as he prophetically exclaimed, "England has lost in one moment what she may not produce in an age." He was mourned as never man was mourned before; and Oldys asserts in his manuscript additions to Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, that he could "muster up two hundred writers of distinction who had spoken in praise of Sir Philip Sidney." His whole life

* See *The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney*, an exquisitely printed duodecimo volume, from the press of Ticknor & Fields, Boston, 1859.

† The amiable divine, Dr. Thomas Thornton, had it recorded upon his tomb that he was "the tutor of Sir Philip Sidney." A similar ambition affected others, and Lord Brooke had the inscription placed over his grave—"Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

was one continued illustration of the practice or the patronage of all that is noble or elegant in action and in art.

But Sir Philip requires to be read and studied in his works. Hand in hand with the record of his life, these never fail to increase our admiration of the man in his genius and personal character. If the age in which he lived became glorious through the reflected lustre of its scholars and wits, it was Sidney who shone, the early morning star, the first to catch the fire of that intellectual revolution which swept over England, changing the face of things, transmitting grand thoughts to one and another, and advancing the time,

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth,"

into the most glorious that the annals of sovereignty can boast. The new principle of sympathy and contagion kindled its earliest flame in Sir Philip Sidney. When the *Defence of Poesy* was written, Bacon was but a youth of twenty, Spenser was only planning the *Faery Queen*, and Shakespeare was but a boy playing youthful frolics in Sir Thomas Lucy's deer-park. The immortal "*Apologie*" thus immediately preceding the advent of Shakespeare and his fellow bards on the dramatic scene, suggests many pleasant and significant reflections. It must be remembered that no master hand had touched the lyre in England since the days of Chaucer and Gower, who lived when Petrarch and Dante woke Italy with its echoes. Intervening ages had done nothing, absolutely, to sustain its dignity or elevate its tone; and the *Apologie* mourns over the degradation into which the art had fallen from its place in "the highest estimation of learning to be the laughing stock of children." But the ridicule of generations, and the sneers of philosophers and wits, were turned aside by the glowing argument. The champion was youthful, but he conquered the world. And every succeeding age has hailed this masterly production, this "hymn of intellectual beauty," not merely as the "noblest tribute ever offered to the allurements of the muse," but as one of the most eloquent, thoughtful, and finished essays in the language.

To quote the many who have spoken in praise of the *Defence of Poesy* were to cite the multitudes who have been delighted with Sir Philip himself. Even Hazlitt and Horace Walpole, the only two men of note who spake habitually in disparagement of the majority of Sidney's works, could find no excuse for detraction here. "Here," says Hazlitt, "we find

him quite at home, in a sort of special pleader's office, where his ingenuity, scholastic subtlety, and tenaciousness in argument, stand him in good stead; and he brings off poetry with flying colors, for he was a man of wit, and sense, and learning." And Southey calls the *Defence* "a beautiful treatise, distinguished by good sense and propriety of thought." He adds, "I should never forgive myself were I ever to mention Sidney without an expression of reverence and love."

Hazlitt, with some pretence to truth, speaks of Sidney as one "who was universally read and enthusiastically admired for a century after his death, and who has been admired with scarce less enthusiastic, but with a more distant homage, for another century, after ceasing to be read." Perhaps the insinuation here conveyed had come with better grace from the author of *The Spirit of the Age*, had he not elsewhere confessed his inability to acquire a taste for Sidney. Nevertheless, the audience, "fit though few," has never been as meagre or contemptible as Hazlitt pretended; and it is growing again right bravely—a good sign of the healthy, improved tone of the age, basing the assumption on precisely the same foundation which Hazlitt distorts into a meaning exactly the reverse. We say that Sidney's readers are multiplying again. Among the literary revivals of the year is one of no ordinary attractiveness.* This noble volume is prefaced with a biography of Sidney, as full and comprehensive as most readers will desire who have not the time to enter upon an exhaustive study of so multifarious and crowded a life. Whether in relating this career, or estimating with appreciative reverence the critical scale of Sidney's writings, Mr. Gray never finds occasion to falter in his praise of so fitting a subject. The "*Miscellaneous Works*" proper, immediately following the biography, open with the immortal *Defence of Poesy*. This is followed with the collection of sonnets and songs, written in commemoration of Lady Rich, and entitled *Astrophel and Stella*. Next are miscellaneous poems. These are followed by the *Lady of May*, a *Masque*, written for Queen Elizabeth at a time when her majesty was entertaining the proposals of

* The *Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney*, Kn't. With a Life of the Author, and Illustrative Notes. By William Gray, Esq., of Magdalen College and the Inner Temple. 1 vol., octavo, elegantly printed on tinted, laid paper. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

the Duke of Alençon; Valour Anatomized in a Fancy, now for the first time included in Sidney's collected writings; the celebrated letter to Queen Elizabeth, Anno 1580, Dissuading her from Marrying the Duke of Anjou, written, says Hume, "with unusual elegance of expression, as well as force of reasoning," "so that," observes Strype, in his *Annals of the Reformation*, "this letter, abounding with such close application of arguments, seems to have swayed the queen to decline this notion;" the *Discourse in Defence of his Uncle, the Earl of Leicester*, pronounced by Lord Oxford "infinitely the most valuable of Sir Philip's writings; Letters Reprinted from the Sidney Papers, Biographiana, etc., and Letters from the Unpublished Originals in the British Museum. These last, sixteen in number, here make their first appearance, and are especially valuable as throwing fresh light on Sidney's character. The *Arcadia* alone, of all Sidney's writings, is excluded from this ample volume. Of this work, now known to most readers by name only, though once hailed as "the charm of ages," it was Sidney's own wish that it might pass into that oblivion which it has now very nearly found. The fate of Harrington's *Oceana*, Moore's *Utopia*, and Bacon's *Atlantis*, is similar. Though written by men of distinguished ability, they have been lost to fame for their want of directness, of earnestness, and sympathy; so sure is it that an infusion of the writer's own nature—a living belief in his work, is essential to a lasting success.

To pass from one noble spirit to another, the transition is easy from Sidney to the great and good Dr. Arnold.* Arnold's has been pronounced the noblest life of modern times. Certainly it was among the most useful. Unsullied purity of character, a charity that stopped not at creeds or beliefs, unflinching integrity of purpose, unwavering determination of effort, and a most unselfish disinterestedness of action, these, with high intellectual power, great diversity of attainments, true Christian fearlessness of conduct, and the most unassuming modesty, unite in one man

our highest conception of what constitutes the good and great in the moral and intellectual nature. There is no tinsel about a life like this. It is sturdy, open, healthful, and honest; beautiful and cheering to the gaze of all men. Mr. Stanley pictures Arnold's character and conduct clearly and familiarly, as by one who was admitted to the personal knowledge and loving confidence of his friend, gained first while in the capacity of a Rugby pupil. Thomas Hughes, in his famous narrative of *Tom Brown's School Days*, sketches Rugby inner school life, as it has never been sketched before, and shall never be again. These two books are closely allied, and yet are entirely dissimilar. So far as we may estimate the intimate personal knowledge of the revered head master exhibited in either narrative, or the affectionate veneration for his memory entertained by each author respectively, they are not unlike, but the resemblance goes no further. Both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Stanley were Rugby pupils. Both are prouder of that title than of any other honor or occurrence in their lives. Rugby shaped their minds and moulded their natures, and gratitude to Rugby never grows cold in the bosom of a Rugby boy. But Mr. Stanley's narrative goes before and beyond the associations and the mere system of that honored institution. His is a narrative that takes in the whole career of his teacher and friend, shaping itself in a comprehensive succession of pictures, with Arnold for the central figure. Tom Brown's narrative is but a single picture. The canvas is large, and the grouping extensive, but the picture is one; and yet a picture so exact, so spirited, and so minute, that every reader feels that nothing is wanting, in tone, color, or shade, to complete it.

For those who hold that a man's after life is according to the impression which has been stamped upon it in his early years, or that whatever greatness he may attain is but the result of seed sown and nurtured in youth, the contemplation of Arnold's career presents many confirmatory proofs. The one long triumph at Rugby was but the consequence of the experiment at Lallham, or the still earlier experiences of Oxford. This is clearly shown in Stanley's biography, and the interesting chapter supplied to the opening pages of the narrative by Mr. Justice Coleridge, Arnold's fellow collegian. This chapter refers to Arnold's career as an under-graduate at Oxford, fresh from Winchester college, "a mere boy in appearance as well as in years, but quite equal to take his part in the arguments of the common-

* *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., Late Head Master of Rugby School, etc., etc.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. Third American from the last London Edition. 2 vols., 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy. Illustrated from Designs by Larkin G. Mead, Jr. 1 vol., 12mo. New edition, beautifully printed on tinted paper. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

room." It presents a lively picture of his character and peculiarities as a young man, showing how intense was his interest in literature, ancient and modern—always preferring history rather than poetry, and truth rather than romance—and how deeply he was attracted by the stirring political occurrences of the time, embraced in the important crisis of English history covering the period between 1810 and 1815, and surging with the Peninsular battles and the Continental campaigns. His studies and relaxations at this period were found in Aristotle, Herodotus and Thucydides. On these, in connection with the Bible, he thought the knowledge of a Christian was the best based. He took a high degree, gained the prose prizes, and obtained a fellowship at Oriel, then reputed to be the blue ribbon of the University. His colleagues were eminent men—Whately, Keble, Hawkins, Copleston, Davison, Pusey, Neuman, and other celebrities of great religious earnestness and intellectual activity, were of the number, "stirring up the long stagnated waters," of English thought and theology.

Himself an intellectual giant, and a Reformer, he combatted, fearlessly and perseveringly, what he considered existing religious abuses, and startled his associates, in the very stronghold of Toryism, by his energetic assaults on institutions and principles, which had been considered immaculate, unassailable, and inviolable. He gloried in distinguishing Christianity against all Churches that claimed to be "chartered corporations, and the privileged channels of salvation. He did not limit his definition of the 'Church' to the clergy alone, but included the laity also in this 'Congregation of Christians,' of which he maintained that the true Ecclesia was constituted. He also upheld the authority of Scripture against the technical phraseology of Councils, Fathers, and Tractarians, which he condemned as distorting the truth, tending to popery and priestcraft, and substituting unrealities for realities." "I have seen," says Mr. Coleridge, "all the leaders of the common-room engaged with him at once, and not always with great scrupulosity as to the fairness of their arguments." "Never," observes the Quarterly Review, "did man better merit the triumphant reception he met with from all classes when, having lived down calumny and opposition, he appeared in the crowded theatre of the University as Professor of History. This was deemed by him to be the greatest honor he could possibly receive, for he loved Oxford from the first to

the last, and in spite of all her faults and antagonism to himself, turned to her with the most faithful filial affection."

After a nine years' residence at Oxford, Arnold removed to Lallham, married, took private pupils, and passed another nine years—these nine in a paradise of peace. "Here his powers ripened, and full of lofty designs and panting for a wider field of usefulness, he in 1828 succeeded Dr. Wool, in the Head-Mastership of Rugby: now his professional life began, and he plunged into fourteen years of uninterupted toil." Nor did he rest from his labors until he had fully verified the prediction of the Provost of Oriel, that he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England.

We have referred to the feelings of affection, veneration, and confidence which Arnold inspired in his pupils. Their love for him amounted almost to personal idolatry. The grim Ogre which the school-boy's fancy usually erects out of the petty tyrant, to learn how to circumvent whom soon becomes the highest ambition of the boy, had no place in a Rugby lad's imagination or experience; but every Rugby pupil looked up to his master as a superior being, as one on whose devotion and unceasing concern he might rely, whose plans were drawn solely for the comfort and benefit of the little community, and whose trust, in turn, was centered in the honor and manliness of each individual member for the promotion of the honor and dignity of the school. The ingenuousness of youth could not fail to respond faithfully to a trust where their noblest sympathies were so genially called into action.

The genius of Arnold found another secret of power in *work*; hard self work, and work for every pupil. He intensified life, a Lallham pupil tells us, and made every scholar "feel that there was a work for him to do, and that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well." We might wonder how Arnold could have transformed into a pleasure, what boys generally find so obnoxious a discipline; but here Tom Brown himself comes to our aid—

"We felt him to be a man, who, with all his heart, and soul, and strength, was striving against whatever was mean, and unmanly, and unrighteous in our little world * * * * * that his was the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us, and by our sides, and calling on us to help him, and our ourselves, and one another. And so, wearily, and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the

first time, the meaning of his life; that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spake in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them, their fellow-soldier, and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain too for a boy's army; one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so the boy felt) to the last gasp, and the last drop of blood."

Tom Brown's whole narrative is a spirited defence of Arnold's method of instruction and discipline, not written as a defence nor extended analysis of a system, but incidentally illustrating the enlightened wisdom of the Head-Master's policy as it naturally presented itself in the everyday school experiences of Tom Brown, the author. In no part of the narrative is this more eloquently illustrated than where the Doctor, whose knowledge of boy nature was almost intuitive, perceiving the capability of good in Tom, placed in charge of that unmanageable boy, a new lad, of delicate frame and refined tastes. The touching incident of the prayers, Tom's sudden interest, and his protection of the delicate youth, will be vividly recalled by every reader. Tom who had almost run to waste, and had fallen under the serious displeasure of his master, running into the very teeth of the Doctor's famous specific, expulsion, was completely changed by the tender influence of the home-sick and helpless cutting. Nor was the experiment less beneficial on the shrinking, sensitive nature of the new boy. "The gentle stranger found in his sturdy guardian a buttress and a backbone, and one who made school things pleasant, or less unpleasant to him; while Tom, feeling the new dignity of responsibility, and the duty of watering a twig placed under his care, turned over a new leaf himself, budded, flowered, and in due season produced excellent fruits. His dominant qualities were developed, and by protecting a helpless client, he protected himself. The spirit of the wild animal was tamed, and Tom was saved while on the very brink of destruction. The working out this favorite experiment of Arnold's forms the turning-tide in Tom's affairs; the narrative,

cleverly told step by step, becomes saddened by the death of one of the school-boys, and by a critical illness of Arthur's; the key-note is pitched in a lower key, and is attuned by serious events * * * * * this note rises with the catastrophe, and the conclusion is heightened by the pathos, which is contrasted by the liveliness, dash, and glitter of the commencement; the drama passes from the comic to the tragic, and the curtain falls on the sudden and most deplored death of Arnold."

His work was done, faithfully and well. No man who ever occupied a position at all identical with Arnold's ever labored more directly, devotedly or successfully. His influence has extended beyond his generation, and has been felt in other lands than his own England. Many of the men of mark now occupying high positions in their country's service, glory in tracing the beginnings of their greatness to his teachings. Possibly the very might and strength of England is largely due to the faithfulness, and conscientious and courageous discharge of duty exhibited in this one man.

For those who would trace the development and growth of this influence in one Rugby boy; he who has already made himself so attractive to a million of American readers—a rare pleasure is offered in Mr. Hughes' new narrative, Tom Brown at Oxford, a sequel to the School Days at Rugby. The six monthly parts which have already appeared—from the press of the same royal literary benefactors who introduced to American readers the Rugby narrative—prove that the same naturalness, simplicity, and quiet strength which gave elegance and vigor to that remarkable book, are as eloquent and marked in the sequel, and that Tom at Oxford is indeed our old friend Tom of Rugby, more matured and studious perhaps, but still the same brave, sturdy, hearty, honest English lad.

ADVICE.

Be and continue poor young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; bear the pain of defeated hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have in such a course grown gray with unblemished honor, bless God and die.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. VI.

THERE, Lucy, or Mary, or Jane, do not let that pout come, and spoil all the dimples, that a moment ago were nestling around your pretty mouth, just because your mother said, "Child don't muss up that drawer so," or called you back to straighten out the mat, that you in your haste sent flying round to a right-angle with the door. What if you do have to tarry a moment, before you get out into the bright sunshine, and your hands wait a little ere they twine the fern and the honeysuckle beneath the shadow of the great oak, that has lived for centuries, in the heart of the dim old forest! What if you could not go out at all, girls? There, think of that!

Suppose you change places with your mother, let her throw on her cape-bonnet, and pass out through the garden gate, and you don her checked apron—turn housekeeper and tend the baby! Willie is as sweet as a rose-bud, fresh from his morning bath—but you can only stop to toss him once—give him a kiss, and turn him off to little sister Fannie, and go out into the kitchen, to see about the puddings and meat for dinner! The flies are buzzing around, and the sun is pouring in through an unclosed door, and the air seems most suffocating—but there you must stay, for it would never do to go into the nice, cool parlor or hall, with eggs, butter, and milk, to concoct dishes, to say nothing of the fatigue of running down stairs for added portions of salt, spice, and flour that will be sure to be needed. Whipping the eggs is quite an arm-aching process—and basting the meat, gives you the headache; and just as you think of sitting down, Willie's loud cry calls you to the nursery! The tears have run down his cheeks and mingled with the stains of cherry-jam, with which little Fannie has seen fit to feed him, and his white sack and dress are in a deplorable plight, and tired, cross, ready for his daily nap, he has to go into his bath again. Amid screamings and shoutings that show plainly Nature has fitted him for a stump speaker, he is re-dressed, and Nellie Bly, in your loudest key, is struck up for his particular benefit.

After a weary half-hour of singing, coaxing, and rocking, his winking eyes close, and you consign him to his crib, and darkening the room, and rubbing your aching arms—for Willie is a plump baby—you hasten to the

kitchen! If the sun is hot—the fire is cool, and the puddings ditto, and it wants a little over an hour to the noontide meal, and in a perfect fever—for papa is a precise man—you kindle the coals! There is no rest, much less romance, as you flit hither and thither—heating your face as you hurry the sauces, and wearying your feet as you step busily over the hard, uncarpeted floor.

Amid all this bustle and preparation, pictures of the cool, shadowy woods, with a mound of moss, and a little brook that slowly ripples along, mirroring the ferns that dip their plumes into the waters,—steal into your mind, and you wonder how any one can bear to be shut up in the house working all day! A pang of remorse strikes you, as you think of your poor mother, prisoned from year to year; but you drive it away by saying, "Oh! mother don't care for the woods and the meadows—she had rather be busy in the house!" How do you know mother don't care for the woods and the meadows? Did you not find some mosses bright and green, on the window-sill—that you brought home from a ramble weeks ago, and threw carelessly down by the kitchen door? Who watched over and watered them, that she might see daily a bit of the green wood? Who gazed at them with tears in her eyes, and when questioned, replied "I was thinking of the old oak, beneath which Minnie and I used to sit to twine wreaths when children—It seems but yesterday." There, it seems but yesterday to her, and do you not think you will like to go there to-morrow? You must not think that because mother patiently and uncomplainingly walks her weary round at home, because it is her duty, that she has no longings for the ease and freedom of life: but there is one thing you may think, and be both the happier for the thinking, if you will only act accordingly. Not to pout if your mother only asks you to replace what you have misplaced, but cheerfully to deny yourself some of your pleasures that she may have more; and the memory of those acts will be dear to you, as the haunts of childhood—when the birds sing and the lilies wave above her, you now call mother.

Berea, Ohio.

TILLOTSON says it is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.

THE RUSE.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

"Must I accept them? O God, hast thou forsaken me!" Alatheia Du Pont rested her arm upon the table, and, leaning her head upon her hand, wept tears of anguish, such tears as the poor, the desolate, the wronged, only weep. Little parcels were scattered around upon the table—a few yards of ribbon in one, some dress trimmings in another, a roll of cotton cloth, a pair of gloves, and some small plaid for aprons finishing the little stock of dry-goods. Upon the floor stood a market-basket with tea, coffee, sugar, raisins, and several pounds of dried fruit, all done up in a merchantable way, and corresponding with the bill that laid open upon the table—received.

The sorrowful stillness was interrupted by little feet. Mischievous fingers were presently pulling upon a raisin stem that had protruded through the brown wrapper, while the sweet, coaxing—"Mayn't I, Allie, have one?" aroused the weeping girl, and brought a look of care and tenderness where the tears had been.

"Wait, Willie, and I'll give you some," was the half absent response. And the child, accustomed to obedience, stood aside and waited for the promised dainties.

Alatheia Du Pont was an orphan, and—poor. But, when the beginning and the end are known, and all the intermediate events, then will the name of the village where a portion of her childhood was passed, where her first great sorrow came upon her, and where her first great struggle of life was endured—stand out bright and clear from its surroundings, for, in its history will be written—"Once the home of an angel."

Mons. Du Pont, the father of Alatheia, was a Frenchman, and had been a man of some standing in his country. But, having been stripped of his possessions during a great national convulsion, had, with his young and accomplished wife, and infant daughter, sought a home in America. They both became successful teachers in one of our northern cities; but, not being accustomed to such exertion, the health of both had given way, and, with a little remnant of property, they at length removed to a neighboring village, with the hope of finding in its purer atmosphere the health and strength that had stealthily left them. But their will was not God's will. Month after month they failed, and year after year did the approaching change become more certain. Their little property wasted with their

lives, and when Alatheia was but sixteen years of age, she found herself an orphan, portionless, and with a little brother three years of age clinging to her, affrighted at the sight of the dead, the open grave, and the anguish upon his sister's face.

Over and over again did Alatheia count the few small pieces of gold she had left after the last funeral expenses were paid; and, very minutely, upon her fingers, did she calculate the several necessary articles each piece would buy. Carefully, with the tears falling fast upon them, did she fold them in a piece of paper, and lay them away in the bottom of her trunk. Only one did she reserve, which the landlord changed for her, when he called that evening to see if she was going to keep the house. She asked him to lease her two of the rooms at a less rent, which he agreed to do as his eye rested upon the coin in her hand.

Various ways were suggested to the mind of the orphan girl, by which she might earn a living for herself and helpless little brother. But barriers arose to each. Sympathizing friends were in and out—some wondering what in the world was going to become of her—some wishing, most earnestly, she had friends to go to—while "other some" quietly laid down, here and there, where no eye but hers would be likely to rest, something for present necessities.

The first great pressure of grief was still upon her heart, when the fatherless and motherless girl bent over her task—the first labor life had ever pressed upon her. She had procured sewing from a store in the village. She had thought of teaching, for which she was fully competent, but the sad effect that employment had had upon her lost parents, deterred her. She was quick with her needle, and with that she determined to see what she could do.

Ellis Edmunds, the proprietor of the store where Alatheia had obtained her work, was an unmarried man, though he had worn for some years the marks of full manhood; and, when she, in person, had applied to him for sewing, he readily handed to her materials for clothing, forgetting, in his momentary admiration of her beautiful face, some of the directions necessary to accompany them. A call was the result of this oversight, and, finding the young girl as sensible as she was beautiful, calls and errands were multiplied, until, at last, it became almost a daily occurrence for Mr. Edmunds to see the orphan girl, provide her with employment, and attend to the supplying of her wants.

Alathea soon found that the result of her greatest efforts were insufficient to provide food and clothing for herself and little brother; and, with feelings of gratitude, she accepted, for a time, the generous provision her employer made for her. But, gradually, a feeling of delicacy stole upon her, and she began to have an indistinct and undefinable dread of receiving articles from Mr. Edmunds' store, for which she knew her labor had not paid. Not that there had ever been anything in the words or appearance of her employer to offend her; his whole bearing toward her having been one of marked respect since their first acquaintance; but, she began to feel that her obligations were becoming heavy, and she knew not how they were to be cancelled.

It was in the distress of mind that these thoughts and feelings had occasioned, that we find her exclaiming in her helplessness,

"Must I accept them? O God, hast thou forsaken me!"

The little pet brother alone had power to dispel the gloom which the thought of her helpless condition had drawn upon the mind of the orphan girl. The sweet kiss, and sweeter "thank you, sister," brought back the smile to Allie's face, and, with new courage, she bent again to her tasks.

The day wore away, and when the darkness began to gather, and the objects around to grow indistinct, little Willie left his play, and, kneeling upon the stool at Allie's feet, laid his curly head in her lap. He did not feel the big tears that dropped down upon his thick curls, or hear the convulsive beatings of the breast that for so long a time had nightly pillowed his head as tenderly as a mother could have done. But, he missed the song his sister always sang him at nightfall, and, after a few moments waiting, asked, impatiently,

"Why don't you sing, Allie?"

"Sister is tired, dear," replied Alathea, "she does not want to sing to-night."

"Well, then, I wis Mr. Ed'munds would come—he'll tell Willie a story."

The pretty, pouting lips had not yet closed over the last word, when a light rap was heard, and Mr. Edmunds, with the familiarity of a frequent visitor, opened the door and walked in before Alathea had time to disengage herself from the child, and do her duty as hostess.

"Sitting in the dark, eh? Didn't I send you some candles to day?" remarked the gentleman, taking a seat near the young girl, and drawing the willing Willie to him.

Alathea felt oppressed with the fullness that will not allow of words, and, without replying, she arose and lighted a candle.

Mr. Edmunds noticed that all was not right. Lifting the little boy upon his knee, he whispered, loud enough for the sister to hear,

"Is Allie cross to-day?"

"Yes—no—I don't know—she wouldn't sing to me to-night."

"Well, she's ugly, isn't she?"

"No—no—no—she isn't!" exclaimed Willie, with so much vehemence that his questioner broke into a hearty laugh, and Alathea was forced to smile.

"One sunbeam has broken through the cloud. Come, smile another such a smile, and I shall be at your feet in humble confession."

"I don't know what you would have to confess," replied Alathea, naively, sitting down near the light, and taking up her sewing.

Mr. Edmunds smiled—a rich, deep smile, which, as it faded away, left a deep, holy expression upon his countenance, while his eyes remained fixed upon the lovely face before him, bending low over the work, and flushed with the now, conflicting thoughts within.

Little Willie's head soon began to droop with weariness, and his bright eyes grew dim. he had forgotten all about the story he was going to ask for, and, when Mr. Edmunds gently laid him upon the lounge, it did not require a song to woo him to slumber.

Alathea sat there stitching, stitching, as if her life depended upon her work being finished that night; and her visitor, after disposing of his burden, walked back and forth through the room with his hands behind him, and his gaze bent intently upon the floor.

Neither spoke, until at length the young man paused in front of the industrious girl, and taking hold of her work, drew it playfully from her hands.

"It is necessary for me to work," said Alathea, with a blush and a half pout, "please let me have it."

"You have done enough for to-day," said the young man, taking a seat beside her; "I want to talk with you now."

"Well, let us reckon up our accounts, then, and see how we stand," said Alathea, the blush deepening upon her face as she felt the gaze that was upon her.

"And suppose we should find that you was in my debt—what then?"

"Why, I should have to eat less and work more, I suppose."

"Alathea," said the young man, taking her

hand suddenly, and speaking with an earnestness that made her shudder, "you are a good, sensible girl, and I want you for a wife. Will you give up your sewing and come and live with me, and let me love you and take care of you?"

A thousand thoughts flashed through Alatheia's mind during the short pause that followed. She had not expected an offer of marriage from Mr. Edmunds. She did not know just how she ought to feel before refusing or accepting such an offer. She was not sure but she was too young to think of such a thing at all. And the last and most bitter thought was, that she was under obligations to him, and that, probably, he would expect her to accept him without hesitation. Her pride revolted at this, and a feeling, very like bitterness, arose in her heart toward him for whom she had heretofore felt naught but gratitude and the kindest of feelings. She withdrew her hand and turned her face from him to hide the tears she did not wish him to see.

"Then you refuse me," said the young man, with a solemnity that chilled every vein of the young being by his side.

"I am under obligations to you," at length Alatheia found voice to say.

Mr. Edmunds felt annoyed. "I was not speaking of the past," said he, "I was thinking of the present and future."

Alatheia's face was still turned from him, her head supported with one hand, while the fingers of the other toyed with the work in her lap.

Mr. Edmunds waited for her to speak again. But all power of utterance was closed down. Half angry, half irresolute, he sat in thought for a few moments; then, rising abruptly, bade Alatheia good evening and departed.

Again alone, the shuddering girl collected her half scattered senses, and threw off the dead weight that had held her lips sealed. Relieving tears fell thick upon the table where her head rested, and, with the sad, hopeless tone of her morning's lamentation, she exclaimed,

"What have I done! *What have I done!*"

The thousand kind words that Ellis Edmunds had spoken to her, and the thousand little acts of kindness he had performed for her since she had been a lonely orphan, passed rapidly through her mind. His ever perfectly respectful appearance toward her, and the deep interest he had shown in her welfare, all came before her—torturing remembrances.

And now she had offended him! Foolishly,

and apparently unfeelingly, she had seen him depart from her presence with a cloud upon his brow. And she felt that he would not come again.

Deeper and deeper in her heart sank the aching, and her grief grew wild as her eyes rested upon the form of her little, innocent, sleeping brother. Now, indeed, she felt that God had forsaken her. The future presented nothing but labor, and want, and loneliness. O, had she but one earthly friend whom she could ask for sympathy, she felt that she, perhaps, might endure it. But alone, with no one to cheer and encourage, she felt that the burden must crush her with its weight.

In the same building, occupying the part opposite her, Alatheia had a neighbor—a quakeress, a kind, good woman, a widow who had outlived all her near friends. She lived upon the income from a small amount of property she owned in an adjoining town; and, though she was obliged to be herself frugal to make her year's accounts meet, she had yet often contrived to do the orphan girl many a little favor, and to assist, greatly, by her wider experience, in many of Alatheia's little household cares and expenses.

To this kind friend, at last, did Alatheia determine to go with her weight of sorrows. The thought was a relief. She wiped away her tears, arose and put away her work, and prepared her little brother for retiring. Half an hour afterward she stood with her hand upon Aunt Mercy's door—Aunt Mercy, as the neighbors lovingly called her. A sound arrested her attention.

"See to it, Aunt Mercy—something must be done." The voice was indistinct; she did not recognize it; and, waiting until she heard the outer door close, and knew the visitor was gone, she rapped lightly and entered her friend's room, as she was privileged to do, without being bidden.

Aunt Mercy laid her hand gently upon the head that was laid confidently in her lap, and smoothing the silken hair, murmured—

"Poor child—poor child! Thee hast seen much trouble for one so young."

Kindness never fails to draw tears from the sensitive, sorrowing being. And so Alatheia wept, long and quietly, and found relief for her overburdened spirits.

"But what makes thee so sad to-night, dear?" asked the kind woman.

Alatheia hid her face. How could she tell of the strange event of the evening? But, gradually, her friend drew it all from her.

"And is thee sure thee does not love Ellis Edmunds?" asked Aunt Mercy, when, amid tears and blushes, the story was finished.

"I do not know," was the amusingly innocent reply.

"Does thee think thee would like to see him married to another?"

Alathea looked thoughtful. She raised her head upon her hand, and looking up into her friend's face, replied, earnestly,

"No, Aunt Mercy, I don't believe I should. Perhaps I might before——"

"Yes, child, perhaps thee might have seen it before he spake such words to thee as he did to-night. But, my daughter, a young, unoccupied heart like thine does not often resist an offer of love from one like Ellis Edmunds. And love that is not resisted is taken home to the heart and guarded jealously, and whoever meddleth therewith causeth pain."

"But, Aunt Mercy, he will give his love to another and despise me. O, how could I be so foolish and unwise, and apparently indifferent. And he has been so kind to me!"

"Couldn't thee send him a message, telling him thee hast thought better of it?"

"O, no—no—no. I would not for all the world. Nothing can be done unless he should repeat to me what he said to-night, and, of course, he never will. O, if I could only think he wouldn't *despise* me, and think me an ungrateful, heartless being." And Alathea wept again, the sad, mournful tears such as she had not shed since the great loss that left her fatherless and motherless.

"God will take care of thee, my child," said Aunt Mercy, soothingly. There was a cheerfulness in her tones, and a look of hope upon her countenance that told she saw a brighter future for her young friend than the young girl could see for herself.

It was late when Alathea sought her own room; but the soothing words and friendly counsels of her pious friend had quieted her mind, and her night's rest was sweet and undisturbed.

But, the *morrow*! O, why does the morrow come to break the quiet slumber we have wooed with faith, and hope, and prayer, and self-control—why does it come to bring back again the burden of life, and crowd us on, on to further cares and troubles.

Alathea sat herself down early to her sewing, and before the sun went down her work was completed—all she had in the house to do. She carefully folded it, and laid it aside until Mr. Edmunds should send—she felt sure he

would not come for it. But he did not come or send, either, and the next day Alathea sent it to the store. She waited anxiously for the messenger to return. But he brought nothing but the pay for the work—no message, and no more work was sent.

And now how was God going to "take care" of the poor orphan girl—poor, only so far as gold and silver were taken into the account? for Alathea Du Pont was not a common seamstress. She had a mind stored with a variety of useful knowledge, and, though innocent and inexperienced, she was one to be admired. Her mental worth was known and acknowledged throughout the little community around, and her young employer had not felt that he was in the least stooping when he asked her hand in marriage. He had gone away sorrowful at her strange reception of his proposals, determined that he would not urge a suit that, perhaps, was disagreeable, though he by no means intended to give up his oversight of the young girl.

Alathea sat brooding over her dark prospects, trying to devise some new way of employment, when the door suddenly opened, and Aunt Mercy entered.

"Did I not tell thee," commenced her friend, "that God would take care of thee, my child? Now listen to me. My little income has been unexpectedly increased one half, and it is no longer necessary for me to live so alone. I desire to rent these rooms with my own, and, if thee wilt accept of a home with me until thee can do better, thee shalt be most heartily welcome. Thee knows that I have sick turns sometimes, and it will be very comfortable for me to have some one to take care of me then, so thee sees thee wilt not be at all dependent, but, in reality, a help to me. And now, my daughter, if this arrangement will be agreeable to thy feelings, we will enter into it without delay."

Poor Alathea! Like the word of pardon to the languishing prisoner, so did this unlooked-for offer of a home come, like a great mercy, in this her hour of need. She threw herself into the friendly arms that opened to receive her, and wept great tears of gratitude.

Busy days followed, during which Alathea had scarce time to think of Ellis Edmunds at all, or to regret his absence. But when they were all settled again, and the long afternoons came and went without a sight of him who had been so frequent a visitor, an uneasy feeling began to creep into her heart in spite of her

frequ
noth
A
mun
repe
one
after
ness
in
wou
A si
was
sion
reco
held
she
smal
espe
wha
with
at a
him.
ceip
occa
homo
mon
neces
It
was
noth
secre
She
W
dism
mind
her f
in re
sang
some
short
her h
forge
dista
press
the st
Au
seeing
than
passe
aroun
made.
betwe
from
and w
arms.
It w
Alathe

frequent declarations to herself, that she had nothing now in the world to trouble her.

Aunt Mercy had never mentioned Mr. Edmunds' name to her since the evening she had repeated to her his offer of marriage; and no one in the house, but Willie, ever inquired after or spoke of him. But in the silent stillness of her own room, the question often arose in Alatheia's mind—"Does thee think thee would like to see him married to another?" A sigh, and the pressing of tears to her eyes was always the answer. She met him occasionally in the street, but a bow was the only recognition he gave her. Pride and sorrow held by turns the ascendancy in her heart, and she determined, at length, to send him the small amount that stood against her. At her especial request he had always accompanied whatever was sent her from the store, with a bill of the same, so that she could, at any time, see her exact indebtedness to him. The bills, however, were always receipted. The sale of a piece of embroidery occasionally, since she had been in her new home, had kept her supplied with a little money, so that she easily raised the amount necessary to liquidate the debt.

It was with no little agitation the brief note was dropped in the Post Office. There was nothing in it which called for a reply, but she secretly hoped to get some word in answer. She looked, however, in vain—no answer came.

With new resoluteness, Althea determined to dismiss all thoughts of Mr. Edmunds from her mind. She selected books from the library her father left, and spent all her leisure time in reading and studying. She laughed, and sang her old, favorite songs, though Willie sometimes complained because she would stop short when he was almost asleep, and leaning her head down upon his pillow, would seem to forget what she was doing. Walking became distasteful to her, until finally, nothing but a pressing necessity could induce her to go into the street.

Aunt Mercy looked on with a quiet smile, seeing much deeper into the young girl's heart, than she could herself. And so the weeks passed away, until six months had rolled around since the new arrangement had been made. The most perfect harmony existed between all the members of the household, from Aunt Mercy herself down to the black and white kitten that nightly purred in Willie's arms.

It was a mild afternoon, late in autumn, that Alatheia took a sudden determination to visit a

sick family a little out of the village. Aunt Mercy put up a little basket of delicacies, and full of kindly feelings, she set out on her errand of mercy.

It was a long walk—something over a mile—and the quietness and pleasantness of the day, invited the deepest and holiest thoughts.

As soon as she was fairly beyond the limits of the village, Alatheia gave herself up entirely to her musings. Her mind wandered back to the time when she was loved and cherished by fond parents, and then came in sad remembrance the dark scenes of sickness and death—her own desolate condition afterward—then, very naturally, followed the remembrance of Ellis Edmunds' kindness to her, and the long, happy hours they had passed in pleasant and profitable converse—then, the last evening when she had offended—and the same as discarded him. And, despite all her efforts at calmness, the tears flowed freely.

A fallen tree by the roadside offered an inviting place of rest, but just as she was seating herself upon it, the report of a fowling piece near by drew from her a little shriek of terror, and brought her suddenly to her feet again.

"Pardon me," said a voice, and in an instant a young man was by her side.

"Mr. Edmunds!"

"Alatheia!"

The surprise was mutual, and, evidently enough, mutually pleasant.

"I am sorry to have frightened you—I have disturbed you unintentionally," remarked the gentleman, "and if my presence is disagreeable, you shall be relieved of it immediately."

"Disagreeable!" Alatheia extended her hand with a smile and a look of pleasure that was not to be mistaken, and allowed herself to be led unresistingly to a seat upon the fallen tree.

"I have been treating myself to a ramble this afternoon," said Mr. Edmunds, retaining the hand he had taken and seating himself by the blushing girl, "but I had not dreamed of so agreeable a surprise as this."

Alatheia raised her full, dark eyes inquiringly to the young man's face, as though she had not heard aright. But the earnest, admiring gaze she met, dispelled every shadow of a doubt, and deepened the blush upon her face almost to painfulness, and caused her to seek concealment for her embarrassment in downcast eyes and bowed head. But her hand remained clasped in his, and the arm that was gently laid around her gave no offence.

Ellis Edmunds had not been entirely ignorant of Alatheia's feelings toward him for the past

six months. He had read them in her heightened color when they had casually met. He was satisfied of her heart's trembling when he received the dainty little note containing the money she pretended to owe him. And—intriguing lover—he had drawn from Aunt Mercy all the rest he wanted to know—the young girl's careful avoidance of all mention of his name—her growing absence of mind and disrelish of company—and now, he felt the time had come for him to take her to his heart and home—a willing bride.

It is not necessary to repeat the words that made Ellis Edmunds and Alatheia Du Pont, one in the sight of Heaven—wanting only the seal of the man of God to make the union valid to the world.

It was a long and satisfactory conference; and not until the sun sank low in the west, were the pigeons, and the fowling piece, and the neglected basket gathered up, and smiling questions asked and answered as to the disposal of the almost forgotten things.

It was decided that the call should be made, and the brace of pigeons added to the delicacies to tempt the appetite of the pale invalid.

It was a rude dwelling they visited, but care and neatness shone out from every spot within and around it; and, as Alatheia presented in her own simple and affecting manner, her little gifts to the feeble being who lay supported by pillows, Ellis Edmunds felt that he had chosen wisely and well.

The call was necessarily short, for the gathering twilight reminded them that it was a long walk back to the village.

Very tenderly did the happy lover draw her shawl closer around his affianced bride, for the dew was falling, and the air damp. But she laughingly assured him that there was sufficient joy and warmth within to repel all outward action of cold.

"Blessings upon ye, darlings," said Aunt Mercy, as the two entered together, and she saw at a glance, the understanding there was between them.

That old, rich smile was upon Ellis Edmunds' lips again, and a deep, beautiful expression, more womanly for the past six months' conflict, shone upon the face of the sweet girl by his side.

"Yes, Aunt Mercy," said the young man, "it is all arranged now. I leave her to your keeping only for a little time longer. Make ready three weeks from to-morrow, for upon that day have we agreed to commence our

life-long, and, we hope, happy companionship."

The news of the approaching marriage spread rapidly through the village, and calls and congratulations came from every quarter. Little Willie was wild with delight at the prospect of having a brother, and at seeing Mr. Edmunds again at the house. He had grieved much at his absence, but his wonderings had always been hushed by his sister, and now that both were unrestrained they soon became fast friends again.

But—Alatheia—a perfect change had come over her. Instead of the blushing, timid girl, she now appeared the calm, collected, dignified woman. She fully realized the greatness of the responsibility that was coming upon her; and, in her great happiness, she plead with her Heavenly Father for wisdom and guidance.

The young man's love deepened almost to veneration, as he saw this great and surprising change in the young being he had won. He clasped her to his heart with a tenderer feeling, and a fuller resolve to make her life happy beyond the possibility of sorrow—so far as lay in his power.

"Hast thee never wondered, Alatheia," said Aunt Mercy, the week before the wedding, "how my income came to be increased, so that I had the means to offer thee a home, when thee felt destitute and deserted?"

Alatheia looked up from the cake she was frosting, and replied—"Yes I did wonder very much about it, but as you did not seem disposed to tell me how it came to pass, I thought I would not be inquisitive."

"Well, here is some one who can inform thee with regard to the matter," and Aunt Mercy's eyes turned toward the door that led into their little sitting room.

Ellis Edmunds entered the kitchen, rapping lightly upon the open door for permission.

Alatheia did not start or blush; but, laying down the knife she was using, she turned around with such a comical expression of wonder, and thoughtfulness, and new intelligence upon her face, that her lover laughed outright, and taking both her hands in his, asked—"What now?"

"Did you hear the question Aunt Mercy just asked me?"

"Well, suppose I did."

"Now, this is too bad," said Alatheia, as the light kept breaking in upon her mind.

"Too bad, was it, you little piece of prudery,

for me to try to keep want from the dearest object I had ever seen?"

"But—I do not like to think—"

"Then dismiss it from your mind, entirely, you foolish little thing; unless, indeed you wish to discard me now on account of *obligations* past."

The look of love and confidence that beautified the face upturned to his, fully satisfied the young man that of all possible thoughts, the thought of *discarding him* would be the last and most terrible that could be presented to Althea's mind. And, gently drawing her with him into the little sitting-room, they renewed their vows of perfect trust, and let their spirits mingle in that delightful union that earth cannot sever, and Heaven will not.

THE DISCIPLINE OF MISFORTUNE.

BY A. L. M.—.

ADELE Lehman had reached the ripe age of eighteen, and began to feel womanly and self-important. And why not self-important? Was not her father, Andrew Lehman, the richest man in Ashville? Tired of school, she had persuaded her too yielding parents to let her education close, as full and complete; and now she had nothing to do but play the lady, and wait for a lover. As a school-girl, Adele had been on free and easy terms with most of her companions; her likes and dislikes being grounded in peculiarity of character, and not in external condition. She had, of course, her closer intimacies, as all girls have, and, like most girls, had one particular friend who shared her secret thoughts. This was Flora Lee, the daughter of Doctor Lee, whose pleasant little dwelling stood not very far away from Mr. Lehman's elegant mansion. Flora was a kind, gentle, disinterested girl, with qualities that always attract. She was the favorite of all in her class, but most intimate with Adele Lehman. The two girls left school within a few months of each other—Adele to pass the time in comparative idleness, Flora to join her mother in home duties, and lighten the burdens under which her weak shoulders were bending.

It was now that Adele's thoughts began to take a new range, and her mind to be filled with ideas of her own importance. The associations of the past were for the past time—mere school-girl intimacies, that must close. Her sphere in life was different from that of nearly all her old companions. She must take

one place in society, they another. Adele went home three months before Flora's term closed. During the interval Flora wrote two or three warm letters to her friend, but received only one answer in return, and that filling just two pages of small note paper, and so guardedly worded that its formal sentences chilled her feelings like a winter wind. But she had no suspicion of the true cause of this seeming coldness. Two days after her return home, and before she had time to call upon Adele, she met her in the street. Adele was in company with a richly dressed young lady, to her a stranger. As they approached, Flora paused to speak, her face lit up with smiles; but Adele passed quickly, as if she had not seen her.

"I thought that girl was going to speak to you," said the companion of Adele.

"I thought so myself," was replied, with a toss of the head and a curl of the lip, "but I didn't choose to give her the opportunity."

"Who is she?"

"Oh, a mere school-girl acquaintance, that must, of necessity, be dropped. She's one of the ordinary kind, but while we formed part of the same household circle she had to be tolerated. Now things are changed. I have returned to my sphere in life, and she has returned to hers. We are acquaintances no longer. I am sorry to hurt her feelings, but it can't be helped. She should have known her place better."

Poor Flora! She was hurt severely by this cut direct. She had been sincerely attached to Adele, and looked forward to meeting her with lively pleasure. Of their difference in worldly condition she had never thought. She loved Adele for herself alone. After returning home and thinking over the matter, it seemed so impossible for her late friend to pass her unnoticed, that she tried to persuade herself that Adele had not really observed her. But all doubt was removed a few days after, when she met her again. This time Adele was alone. The meeting was so sudden and unexpected that there was no chance to appear unconscious of the proximity of Flora. A cold, stiff nod was the only response given to her friend's warm greeting. Wounded pride sent the hot blood to Flora's cheeks, and wounded affection filled her eyes with tears.

And so the friends parted, both in an unhappy state of mind, but Adele really the unhappiest of the two, for selfish pride was not yet strong enough to crush out the better impulses of her nature. Still, what she had

done had been from a deliberate purpose, and she had no thought of receding. Of the two young ladies, Flora was the superior in almost everything. She had a finer face and a finer form than Adele. She had also a better mind and a better education. In the way of accomplishments there was only one thing in which she was excelled by Adele. The latter had a fine musical taste, which had been largely cultivated, while Flora had scarcely any talent in that direction, and, after taking a few lessons, had given up the study of music entirely. The refined, educated circle of Ashville was not large enough to be very exclusive, and there were very few who thought of passing by the intelligent Dr. Lee and his wife. Within a year after Flora's return from school, she began to go into company with her father and mother, and soon became a favorite with almost every one. The beauty and refinement of her face, the pleasant frankness of her manner, the good feeling and intelligence she uniformly displayed, won for her a place in the hearts of nearly all who met her. As just said, the refined and educated circle of Ashville was not very large, and as Flora Lee was not excluded therefrom, Adele Lehman often met her on a plane of social equality. But after the cruel repulse which Flora had received, and the estrangement which followed, there was no desire on her part to renew the acquaintance with the purse-proud young lady; and shame united with pride to keep Adele aloof from her. And so they stood apart as strangers.

Dr. Lee was a man skilled in his profession, and his practice steadily increased from year to year. He was poor when he came to Ashville, but his worldly affairs had improved from the beginning. As money came in beyond his needs, he made careful investments, and these turning out favorably in almost every instance, he was now worth quite a handsome little property, which was entirely unencumbered. Though not called a rich man, there were few in Ashville whose affairs were in so easy and comfortable a condition. But neither Dr. Lee nor his family were ostentatious in their feelings, and so continued to occupy the modest home which industry and economy had first secured to them.

Mr. Lehman was a man of altogether a different spirit. He was ambitious for large accumulations. Through sharp business transactions, and bold, but fortunate speculations, he had acquired great wealth. But speculation is only another name for gambling, and one day the cards turned adversely for Mr.

Lehman, and he lost his game. The stake had been a large one, and if he had won he would have doubled his fortune; but "luck," as they say, was against him. He was rich in the morning, but poor as any man in Ashville when the sun went down at night. A brave man was Mr. Lehman when the day was broad and bright around him, and he could see his vantage ground; but he was a weak, bewildered coward in storm and darkness; and now the shadows of an Egyptian night were upon him. The shock prostrated him to the earth. Courage, hope, effort, all were gone. He tottered about like a man who felt the ground shaking beneath him—weak, frightened, and nerveless.

It does not take long for the external condition of a man so hopelessly ruined as Mr. Lehman, to change. In a few months after the disaster we find the humiliated family shrinking together in a small house, far humbler in appearance than the one occupied by the unostentatious Dr. Lee, without means and without income. And to make all sadder and more hopeless, a stroke of paralysis reduced Mr. Lehman to a condition of helplessness. What was now to be done? With all her pride, weakness, and vanity, Adele Lehman had loved her father most tenderly. He had been a fond and indulgent parent, too much so for her own good. But indulgence had tended rather to strengthen, than to weaken her love. In the first step downwards she was overwhelmed with mortification. The anguish of crushed pride seemed more than she could bear; and she shrunk within the narrow walls that enclosed them in their new home, feeling so helpless and disgraced that she wished to die. But the added blow which made her father a feeble invalid, startled her mind with a new thought. Who were they to lean upon, now that he was stricken down? What hand was to sustain them? From whence was to come their support? Her mother was in feeble health, and her sisters but little children. She alone had strength and skill, and love sent her thought out in eager questioning. "What can I do?" Ah! how long she searched for an answer. But it came. She was skilled in music, and competent to teach. But oh! with what an irrepressible aversion did she turn from the thought of becoming a music-teacher—the patient, toiling instructor of those, down upon whom she had looked, only a few months ago, as mean and inferior! But no help came in their need—no way opened before them.

Few friends are left to a family so utterly ruined as that of Mr. Lehman. Many who pity and sympathize, hesitate about visiting them in their altered circumstances, lest their presence should prove disagreeable, as a reminder of the height from which they had fallen; while the more heartless and worldly, having nothing to gain by association, push them out from the circle of their friends. And now it is that some humble acquaintances of their better days, whose familiarity was rather tolerated than desired, draw nearer to them with that true interest, which asks, "How can we help you?"

It happened not long after the Lehman's had removed to their new home, that a friend of this class sat in earnest talk with Adele and her mother. The pressure of impending want had made them communicative, and this friend had come earnestly into their councils.

"There is only one thing which I can do," said Adele, her eyes filling with tears when she thought of the great trial and humiliation that lay before her. I understand music and feel competent to give instruction."

"A good teacher is wanted in Ashville," replied the friend, "and I am sure that after you become known, as such, there will be no lack of scholars. The difficulty lies in getting a start. Your former social position will be just so much against you in the beginning. For many in the circle where you moved, and many in the one below it, will hesitate about asking your services; some from delicacy, some from prejudice, and some from the belief that, while you may be a good performer, you can have no skill as a teacher. Much will depend on a right commencement. Let me see. Ah! I think I have it. It was only last week, that I was talking to Mrs. Lee about a music-teacher. She said, their eldest daughter, Flora, had no musical taste whatever, but that her two younger sisters showed decided talent, and that they had been talking for some time about placing them in the hands of a teacher. Now you couldn't have a better beginning. If you can give satisfaction there, all the rest will be plain. Dr. Lee has a large practice in our best families. Both he and his wife are much esteemed. With their influence you will have as many pupils as you want. Go and see Mrs. Lee at once; she is a true, motherly woman, and will be interested in your case. Her daughter, Flora, is a charming girl, and if you have never made her acquaintance, you will now have the opportunity, I think, of securing a friend that is worthy of the name."

Poor Adele! Had it come to this? Was there no other way for her but through this valley of humiliation? The friend went home, and the unhappy girl retired to her chamber to think over the suggestion alone. How vividly did the past come up before her! She was back in her school-girl days; in that pleasant time, when she called Flora Lee her best and dearest friend. Then she remembered the cold heartlessness with which she had turned from this friend; not because Flora was less worthy, but because false pride had come between them. And could she go to her now, in her great extremity? In her wild struggle with pride she felt that death would be easier than this.

But the wolf was at their door, and there was no help but in her. For three days a bitter strife went on in her mind, and then, sad, humbled and fearful of the result, she turned her hesitating steps toward the dwelling of Dr. Lee. Was it possible for Mrs. Lee to forgive the indignity she had placed upon her daughter? How could she meet Flora and look her in the face, with the memory of that past time as vividly in her thought as if it had occurred but yesterday? How she despised herself for that mean pride which had prompted to so unworthy an action. This was her state of mind when she arrived at Dr. Lee's house and timidly rang the bell. A few moments she stood with fluttering heart, when the door opened, and she looked into the face of Flora Lee. Her own face was pale, her lips quivered, she tried to speak but found no utterance.

"Adele Lehman!" exclaimed Flora, in a voice of surprise, at the same time offering her hand. There was neither resentment nor coldness in her manner, but a tone of warmth and sympathy that touched the heart of Adele and made her eyes brimming with tears.

"Is your mother at home?" inquired Adele in a faltering voice.

"She is. Do you wish to see her?"

"If you please."

There was something in the subdued, humble manner of Adele, that touched the heart of Flora. She knew of the misfortune that had overwhelmed her family; of the prostrating, almost hopeless illness of her father; and had heard with pain, that they were reduced in circumstances, almost to the verge of want. The sight of Adele's pale, suffering face, revived the old time affection in her heart, and she drew an arm around her waist and led her in to her mother. Mrs. Lee received her with great kindness, and as soon as Adele was com-

posed enough to speak, listened with much interest to the brief story she told of their necessities, and the duty which devolved upon her. Flora entered warmly into her feelings; spoke encouragingly; praised her skill in music, and predicted certain success.

"You can depend on two scholars here," said Mrs. Lee without hesitation, "and I think that I can promise you half a dozen more in a week. If not, the fault will not lie at my door. You are a brave, good girl, Adele; you deserve success, and it will come."

A reception like this, had not been dreamed of by the poor girl. Her own mind had been so warped by foolish pride and false ideas, that she could not imagine anything so forgiving, so generous and so disinterested.

"Shall we not be friends again?" said Flora, as she moved with Adele toward the door, when the visit was ended.

"Friends?" Adele looked at Flora in surprise.

"Yes; we were friends once, why shall we not be so again?"

"I am not worthy to be called by the name," said Adele, completely broken down.

"More worthy than ever," replied Flora; "an enemy came between us, but his power is gone."

As Adele Lehman turned her feet away from the dwelling of Dr. Lee, there was the beginning of a new life in her soul. She had gone trembling and fearful; scarcely hoping for any thing but repulse, or if not repulse, coldness, reserve, and scarcely hidden contempt. There were lions in her way, and only the courage of despair had given her strength to face the evil that loomed up before her. But, like Christian's lions at the Beautiful gate, they were chained, and she passed them harmless.

This visit to Mrs. Lee and Flora, was like a new revelation to Adele Lehman, passing, for a time, her comprehension. But as she became an earnest worker, going through her daily duties under the impulse of filial and fraternal love, her sight grew clearer, and she comprehended the wide difference between selfish pride and genuine goodness of heart.

Mrs. Lee was no mere lip friend. She meant all that she said, and was as good as her word. Through her influence, a number of scholars were immediately obtained, and Adele commenced her new life, a hopeful, patient toiler, sustained in her work by the love she bore the helpless ones at home. And her weak arm sustained them. Bravely she battled with the wolf, and kept the hungry destroyer from their door. And

was she not better for this great worldly misfortune; for this deep humiliation through which she had to pass; this bowing of pride to the very dust? Yes, it was painful, but salutary; and there came a time in her after life, when she lifted her heart upward, and thanked God for humiliation and misfortune, for they had made her what she otherwise would not have been, a true woman.

LOTTIE MERRILL; OR, THE GIRL WITH NO FEELINGS.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

I was just sixteen. The severe illness of my mother prevented my entering Madame Boalt's school at the commencement of the fall term, as had been purposed, and my place as room-mate for Hattie Warner was yielded to Cousin Fannie. I regretted this exceedingly, when, but a brief time after, mother's rapid convalescence led her to decide that I should follow my class-mates. My bright anticipations of a merry time at boarding-school were decidedly dampened by the fact that I must be the odd one of our class of seven, and take a room with a stranger; nor was I cheered by the descriptions of my future companion, with which my correspondents at the seminary favored me. Madame Boalt, who had been an early friend of my mother's, wrote only praise of Lottie Merrill, as she congratulated us that I should find her quiet, studious habits, of exceeding advantage in enabling me to improve my time; but I always had a dislike for such paragons of perfection as shame my inferiority, so her earnest praise gave me no pleasure, while the notes of the girls really prejudiced me against their subject.

"I call her Miss Propriety, though I almost wonder how I dare," wrote the mischief-loving Hattie.

"She is a good girl, but then so stiff and notional you never will suit her, any more than she will please you," Cousin Fannie wrote.

"She always does everything precisely as it should be done, at just the right time, and keeps her room, which she has always preferred to have alone, when possible, in the very nicest order: so let me caution you to be careful how you indulge any habit of carelessness," wrote Nellie Conway; while Katie Roe added, as her testimony, "Lottie Merrill is so proud that she never allows herself to enjoy anything like the rest of us, lest she should compromise her dignity."

"The girls say she has never had an intimate friend since she came to the seminary, two years ago. Nor has she ever had a word of difficulty with any one; so you may judge how independent she is," was the judgment of another of these self-appointed critics; while still another gave, as the opinion of those better acquainted with Lottie than herself—"She is exceedingly cold-hearted, and is never roused to any kind of feeling."

When I met Lottie I was surprised to find her more than a year younger than myself, with a bit of awkwardness still hanging about her, from her rapid growth. She evidently was not like the ideal I had dreaded, as I had imagined the various means by which she would make me feel myself an intruder in her room. With most thoughtful courtesy she arranged everything for my convenience, insisting upon my placing my books by the pleasant window, and yielding to me much the larger portion of the little closet, because I was unaccustomed to being away from home. I did not find her sportive and merry, but she roused my ambition to fully overtake my classmates, who were several weeks in advance of me, kindly assisting me in my studies—a task for which she was quite competent. I was already beginning to love Lottie, when a little incident occurred which made us friends.

A group of girls were conversing gayly in the common sitting-room, when Nellie Otis brought forward a head-dress for our admiration. It was a gaudy piece of millinery, altogether unsuited to her little face and figure, but it had elicited some compliments, when Lottie remarked—

"I think it would be prettier for you, little Nellie, if you should take off that largest bow."

"Who asked for your opinion, Miss Sheared Top? You had better wait till your own head is dressed a trifle better before you criticize other people's things," was the pert reply; and Lottie walked quietly from the room.

"You were too bad, Nellie!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"O, pshaw!" said Nellie, "she doesn't care—I would not have said it to any one else, but she never cares. Her mind is on higher thoughts intent."

I knew that Lottie was a trifle sensitive concerning the loss of a fine head of hair, and I felt keenly the insult to one who had been so uniformly kind to me; so I followed her to our room, hoping my sympathy might give her some comfort. I found the bolt slipped,

but in her haste Lottie had not fairly shut the door, so it merely showed me that she wished to be alone, without hindering my entrance. I hesitated before intruding upon her privacy, but the convulsive sobs which I heard decided me. I was really frightened by Lottie's appearance. She did not hear me, indeed, I doubt if she could have heard anything then. She was kneeling by the bedside, both hands clenched in the clothes, as I first saw her, but she gradually sank lower and lower, as though crushed by an overpowering weight, while sobs shook her frame, and occasional interjections, such as—"O, Father, help me! I was angry, forgive me! Help me to bear patiently all that I ought! Make me better! O, make me lovable!"—but made her grief more manifest. As her face sank upon the carpet, her lips moving in half-audible prayer, I stepped forward, and seating myself by her, lifted her head to my lap, as I said—

"Dear, dear Lottie, this must not be. You will make yourself sick!"

"And who will care if I am sick, or if I die?" said she bitterly.

"O, Lottie, don't talk so, you know we would all love you if you would only let us."

"O, yes, there it is," and the sobs came quicker; "it is my fault—nobody can love me, for I am not lovable. I—plain looking, dressed without taste, awkward, always making mal-à-propos speeches—no, nobody can ever love me."

But I will not weary you, my reader, with a further record of our conversation. Before its close I understood Lottie Merrill's character better than any other had ever sought to do, while she believed that I was really her friend. Poor Lottie! how sadly had she been misjudged, from her earliest childhood. Motherless, from her infancy, the aunt to whose care she had been confided had no sympathy with her sensitive nature. Again and again her manifestations of emotion were ridiculed, till she learned to conceal all her deepest feelings. This very concealment made them stronger still, and many a carelessly uttered word had rankled in her memory, inflicting a torture from which its author would have shrunk. Thus had she come to view herself as in reality more plain looking than she was; while her rich, but ill-fitting dresses, and the awkwardness, of which she was conscious, were a constant source of dissatisfaction to her. She was too proud to wish for pity, therefore she assumed a careless, independent manner. Full of social, kindly impulses, she checked them

all with thoughts of her inability to join the other girls, as an equal, in their amusements, and, devoting all her energies to study, she had risen to the very front rank of scholarship in the school. This pre-eminence she did not value, though she loved study for its own sake, and was usually happy in constant occupation.

"I never cry," she told me, "as the other girls do, gently and soothingly—I wait, bearing and concealing everything till I can bear no longer; and then I have a regular storm—a cry like a thunder-shower, enough to kill you, Ninna, but just such as I need to clear out the ugly vapors, which will collect in my heart; so you will understand I did not make such a great fuss, because Nellie was thoughtless. It has been many weeks since I have had a storm before, and I shall feel the better for it; besides," she added, solemnly, "I never so fully realize that God is our Father, as when I am becoming happy again, after such sad times."

From this time I have numbered Lottie Merrill among my dearest friends, and, as I look back upon those years of school-girl intimacy, with thoughtful, philosophic glance, I realize the blessed influence which each of us exerted upon the undeveloped character of the other. Lottie, though younger in years than myself, was older in experience, and her earnest endeavors to do right, at whatever sacrifice of present pleasure, were of untold advantage to one of my volatile temperament. So far as mental discipline and culture were concerned, she contributed more to my advancement than my teachers. Much, however, as I gained from her, our friendship—not myself, particularly, for any affection which would have given her self-confidence would have done the same work for her—exerted a still more marked influence upon her character. The morbid feelings she had cherished were dissipated, by merely bringing them to the light. I showed her some of the notes I had received concerning her, as the candid opinions of her school-mates, and, though they were none too flattering, they proved a salutary lesson, since they showed her that it was her own fault that she had been alone among these companions.

There was no sudden change in Lottie. She was too much engrossed in her studies to join in many of the frolics of the girls, but, when she did allow herself a holiday, she entered into our sports with a heartiness and good will which soon made us wish she would join us oftener.

I recollect one time, during the Indian Summer of that year, when I was heartily provoked with her for what seemed obstinacy in self-denial. A nutting party was proposed, and Lottie was unusually elated in anticipating the holiday. She seemed delighted as a little child, at the prospect of getting out in the dear old woods. As I listened to her enthusiastic accounts of the nice times she had enjoyed years before, when her only brother, whom she now met but rarely, had been her companion, I wanted to ask all the girls to come and see how really handsome her animation made her. None of us doubted but that Madame Boalt would readily give her consent to our plans, as a group of us went merrily, in the name of all, to ask it. The desired permission, for most of us, was given as soon as asked; then she made some exceptions of those girls who had been lately delinquent in their studies, and, as we were about to leave, she added, as an afterthought—

"Tell Lottie this will be a fine opportunity for her to complete that large map she has commenced. I think her good sense will convince her that she will find a longer lived pleasure in doing this, than in straying in the woods with you idlers." Lottie thus to be kept at home with the poor scholars! It roused my indignation, and I said earnestly:

"But, madame, you do not mean that Lottie *must* not go, do you?"

"I do not think she will wish to go, when she knows, how she may please me better:" was the cold response, as she turned to her book with an air which forbade further interruption.

Lottie was sadly disappointed, yet I vainly begged her to go to Madame herself, for the desired permission—I was sure, her request would be granted, for she was justly a favorite with all the teachers. The only motive, which had any weight with her, was that I should enjoy the day better for her companionship, but this she would scarcely allow. She did not try to conceal the fact that it seemed almost like an unjust punishment, from me.

"It has always been the way," said she, "I ought to be accustomed to it. Madame has no idea that the glorious old woods, with their gala dress and golden light, have as great a charm for me, as for the rest of you. She does not imagine I have any feelings, so she appeals to my good sense. O dear, I believe I wish I had not the name of having good sense. I could not, however, enjoy the day, now, were I to go, since I should keep think-

ing of our teacher's wishes, so I may as well be contented."

Sadly, Lottie made her preparations for a busy day, and then came out as cheerfully, to see us start away, as though she were not longing to join us.

"I should think, you would like to come with us," said Hattie W—.

"And I should think so too, if Madame had not told me better," was the gay reply, as we left her.

Upon my return, I found her very cheerful. After hearing a prolix account of our day's pleasure, from me, she said, "You seem to think I have nothing pleasant to tell you, and truth to say, I was tempted to look at the cloudy side of everything this morning; but I determined that, if I could not please myself, I would, at least, please Madame, so I went to work on that map, with a *will*, and worked till I was very weary? Then I took a run in the garden, which rested me. As I came in, I found poor little Nellie Otis disconsolate over those knotty algebraic problems, which prevented her going with you, and I helped her some. Indeed, as soon as I convinced her that being kept at home was not the most doleful thing in the world, she could help herself. Since then, I have finished my map, and Madame has praised it altogether beyond my expectations; but the very best thing of the day is this letter, which tells me that brother Charles is coming here next week. If I am not mistaken, you and I will have his company for a nutting excursion, which shall put your to-day's pleasure all in the shade."

Thus Lottie was rewarded for her self-denial this time, as well as many others, which I might note. When she denied herself anything, she never made a merit of it, or allowed it to occupy her thoughts, but sought some occupation, from which she could draw cheerfulness.

Gradually, Lottie became a universal favorite in school. Her own quick feelings led her intuitively to avoid wounding those of others, and now that she felt herself beloved, she did not check those social impulses, which made her a delightful companion.

Enough has been said of Lottie, as a school girl, let me briefly picture her as a woman. Our friendship was no slight tie, to be broken by our separation. For two years we were constant correspondents, then, Lottie came to our village as my sister. Brother Edward certainly would have deserved my warmest thanks, for bringing one so dear to me to his home, had he not been actuated by wholly sel-

fish motives. He does not regret, however, that in insuring his own happiness, he has increased mine.

Now, as in the olden time, Lottie is better than I. Now, she is very happy. "The clouds came in my spring time," I have heard her say, "and they made me old in childhood, but I am younger now." In truth, she is livelier than when I first knew her, yet hers is a sportiveness which enlivens, without ever becoming mere levity. She neglects no home duty. Her husband ever finds, that no engagement of hers can interfere with his pleasure, and her children are never yielded to the care of hirelings, unworthy her confidence; yet she finds time for social duties. This time is not frittered away in gossip, for she lives in earnest. "That I may be better; that others may be happier"—seems the motto of her life, and others are certainly happier for her thoughtful kindness. Her cheerful face gladdens many a sick room—her few, earnest words of Christian consolation, reach bereaved hearts, which would be oppressed by more studied phrases. She is loved and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, but most do we rejoice in her many virtues and graces, who are admitted to a closer intimacy in her pleasant home circle.

RICHES AND POVERTY; OR, LOTTIE AND I.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

I am called poor—I believe that is the opinion of the world concerning me. My only sister, the wife of a rich man, speaks of me in a half caressing, half pitying manner, as if I had met with some great misfortune.

"Poor Katy! how I pity her, to be so shut out from the world as she is. A poor country doctor's wife—oh, dreadful!"

So my sister will say, with a plaintive sigh, as she raises her elegant vinaigrette to her dainty nose, as if it made her feel faint even to think of such a mode of living. I am free to say that, so far from agreeing with my sister as regards my poverty, my heart daily overflows with thankfulness to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," who has surrounded me with so many mercies; and I consider myself one of the richest little women this fair earth contains. I poor, when three little, rosy, dimpled faces gather around our table every day! When I have three priceless gems that all the gold of earth could never buy! What is the *Kohinoor* compared to my gems? I poor, when loving friends gather around my pathway—when gentle words and loving

smiles make my life a very Eden of happiness? Why, I cannot begin to count my riches.

In the first place, I have a dear little home, just large enough to hold my dear ones, and leave room enough to entertain any old friends that may visit me. I have a dear, kind husband—one whom I have loved ever since we went to school together, and stood side by side in the spelling-class. The dear old school-house, where I used to sit and watch for Harry to come in at the door, and then what a bound my heart would give when he did come, with his bright, handsome face filling the old school-room with sunshine. What stores of rosy-cheeked apples and ripe brown nuts his pockets used to hold for me. Dear Harry! what pleasant memories thy name brings to me. For years we played together, made snow men, went sliding on the ice, or "coasted down hill on the snow," in the winter, gathered violets and buttercups in the old meadow by the school-house in the springtime, went fishing in the mill stream in summer, and nutting in the autumn. What famous times we used to have in the grand old woods! what luscious grapes we used to find there festooned among the trees! Oh! I am rich in pleasant memories!

We were the only daughters of a country physician—Lottie and I. My mother was raised in affluence, and her family hoped she would make a grand marriage, for she was very beautiful; but while on a visit to a country friend she had a slight attack of bilious fever; my father was called in to attend her, and he nursed her so well she repaid him with her heart. In vain her friends interposed; she loved my father devotedly, and they were married. She lived about eight years after her marriage, then died suddenly with a disease of the heart, leaving Lottie and I, not quite seven years old, and an infant son, who did not long survive her.

My father never entirely recovered from the shock, for she had been a true, loving wife to him, and he almost idolized her. An old lady distantly related to our family consented to come and take charge of our household affairs. She was a kind, pleasant old lady, and very indulgent to us little ones, and we were too young to grieve much for our mother, so we led a happy life.

My mother's sister wished father to let us come to the city and stay with her, so we could have better opportunities for getting an education; but he could not make up his mind to part with us. He had a large practice, and was considered well to do in the world, and he

wished us to have every advantage; so, after Lottie and I had learned all that was to be learned at the village school, he got a governess for us, to teach us the higher branches, till he could consent to part with us to go to the city, for my dear father still thought he would send us there to complete our school education. Dear, kind father! how closely his heart clung to his motherless girls. We had an excellent governess, and we learned rapidly. Lottie was growing up to be very beautiful. Nearly every one said we were very much alike, but I always thought Lottie much prettier than I was.

Harry Levering had left school, and was studying medicine. He was the son of a poor farmer, and had to study very hard so he could graduate as soon as possible; but he came to see us as often as he could, and John Egerton often came with him. He was the only son of Lawyer Egerton, and was considered quite well off. It was not long till I learned that he loved Lottie as Harry loved me, but I could not tell whether my sister loved him or not. She was something of a coquette, and she had a good many lovers, for she was very fascinating in her ways. We were almost seventeen, Lottie and I, when—alas! alas! my dear, kind father died. On his dying bed he took my hand, and laid it in Harry's, and blessed us both. Lottie was kneeling by the bedside, weeping bitterly, and John Egerton stood beside her. My father's gaze rested on Lottie as she knelt there, and he laid his hand caressingly on her bowed head.

"Have you no gift for me, Doctor Walton?" said John Egerton; "I love your daughter truly, and if Lottie will give herself to me I will guard her as my own life. Lottie, what does your heart say?"

She raised her fair young face, hot with blushes, and then she laid her hand in his.

"God bless you, my children," said my father, "now I can die without one pang. Harry, my son, pray for us, and thank God for all his mercies to us."

Harry Levering was a devoted Christian, and while we all knelt about the bed, his voice went up in fervent prayer, and with that prayer my father's spirit passed silently away to a holier and fairer land than ours.

I cannot speak of the dreary season that succeeded my dear father's death. Oh! how lonely, how desolate the place seemed to us. Our aunt came from the city and urged us to return home with her. She said the village was no longer a proper home for us, since our

father's death, and it had been his wish that we should spend some time with her. Neither John nor Harry opposed our going, for they thought the change might be beneficial to us. We left our old home, just as it had been in our father's lifetime. The housekeeper and one servant remained to keep it in order, and John and Harry promised to write to us very often, and let us know all that was going on; and so, with a few fond tears, we left, for the first time, the home of our childhood. We found everything in our new home very elegant. Aunt got very handsome mourning for us, and engaged several teachers to instruct us in music, drawing, dancing, etc. My uncle was also very kind, but I could not feel at home, everything was so different from what I had been accustomed to; but Lottie enjoyed it all, and seemed as much at home as if she had always lived there. My greatest comfort was in reading Harry's letters—dear, precious letters they were, though they used to make me cry to be home again. A year passed by, and then Lottie and I were ushered into the midst of society. Everywhere we went we were surrounded by young men, but I saw no one equal to Harry. At last a middle-aged gentleman, of the name of Harwood, made a proposal to my uncle for me, and highly delighted, my aunt came to inform me of it. I was very much annoyed by it, and told her again of my engagement to Harry. She scolded, ridiculed, and remonstrated, but I told her my father had joined our hands on his dying bed, and I could not give my Harry up for any one on earth. Aunt got very angry, and left me crying. Lottie had sat by her toilet table all the time, taking no part in the dispute, and after my aunt left the room, I went to Lottie, and put my arms around her neck, and cried on her shoulder. She laughed at me, and said I was a little goose to refuse such a rich man for one not worth a cent. I thought her jesting then, so I did not reply to it. In one month from that time he proposed to Lottie, and she accepted him. She was loaded with caresses by my aunt and uncle, and adulation and flattery awaited her wherever she went; but oh! how my heart ached for poor John. Harry said he was almost crazy, but he never reproached Lottie. Her letters were returned to her with a little note that ran thus:—

"God bless you, Lottie, and may he you have chosen make your life as happy as I should have striven to make it. Your true friend,
JOHN."

Lottie shed a good many tears over it, but she was soon comforted again. She would never talk to me about it, and never spent a minute alone with me if she could help it, and this grieved me more than I can tell. Well! we were married the next summer. Harry had begun to practice medicine, and was doing right well. Our father left Lottie and I five hundred dollars a-piece, besides the house and lot, and two valuable horses. Lottie gave me her share in the house and lot as a bridal gift, and would only take one of the horses, which she wished to keep for our father's sake. All her share of the money she spent for her wedding clothes, besides the hundred dollars which uncle gave to each of us. My clothes were very plain, and took very little to pay for them, so I had our old home newly papered and painted, and bought a pretty carpet, and new chairs for our parlor. I fitted up my father's study for Harry, and still I had over three hundred dollars left. Lottie's home was superbly furnished, but I would not have exchanged my dear little home for anything. I felt very sad at parting from Lottie, but she said I must often come to see her, and she would spend part of every summer at our house.

We have been married six years, and in all that time she has only spent about one month with me. Poor Lottie! her heart is full of the world, and what with giving and receiving calls, giving grand parties, and going to balls, concerts, operas, and so on, she has scarcely a minute she can call her own. She has no dear little ones to call her "mamma," no dear little arms to twine around her neck. They are childless, so Lottie has nothing to wean her from the world she loves so well. Rare paintings, worth thousands of dollars, decorate her walls, but there is not one of them to equal the paintings that lie around our home—nature's own handiwork. Her husband is very proud of his fair young wife, but she cannot love him as I love Harry. Deep in her heart must lie the thought that she bartered her love for his gold—that for all her wealth and splendor she wronged a true heart that loved her faithfully.

Lottie has an elegant library containing thousands of volumes, but she gets no time to read. We have a little room we dignify by the name of library, though it only contains two or three hundred volumes, yet when I enter it, who so rich as I? Here is my banquet room. Here I meet and hold sweet converse with the great minds of all ages. I do not have to provide any great entertainment for them, and

when duty calls me elsewhere, I turn the key, and there my guests remain till I can visit them again. I am very, *very* rich in my books, and when Harry has a new package sent from the city, and we sit down of an evening to look over them, I would not change places with the Queen of England. Then when the magazines come, what a grand treat we have! Then my dear husband—oh! Harry, dear Harry, how shall I begin to tell of all thy worth and goodness! When I go out among the neighbors whom I have known and loved from a child, my husband's praises are on every lip. I don't suppose we ever will be what the world calls rich, for Harry's patients are mostly poor, and can pay him but little, yet he often says their blessings and prayers make him feel richer than all the money his wealthier patients pay him.

John Egerton is our minister. About a year after Lottie's marriage he made a profession of religion, and studied for the ministry. He has a lovely wife, dear to me as a sister. Truly my blessings are numberless. Rich in my home, rich in the affection of many hearts, rich in my children, rich in the love of one of the best of husbands, richer still for the hope of meeting them in a fairer world than this—how can I call myself poor? Truly, if *this* is to be poor, then, I say, from the very depths of my heart, thank God for poverty.

MY HAPPY DAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I have ecstatic memories,
Of days that lie far back,
Along the emerald meadows,
That border life's stern track—
Days full of golden sunshine,
And rich with west winds cool,
Days when, a merry lassie,
I tripped away to school.

The school, and the old school-house,
Stood in the odorous shade,
Which tall and stately evergreens
Cast on a pasture glade—
'Twas old, and weather-shattered,
And carved by schoolboy art,
But very dear its humble walls
Were to my childish heart.

I remember well the benches,
The desk, and windows tall,
And the very spot on the wainscot,
Where the sunlight used to fall—
When afternoon's red glory
Streamed from the western sky,
And warned us that the time drew on
To lay our grammars by.

Memory brings back our teacher,
A girl with gold-brown hair,
That rippled o'er her shoulders
Like marble white and fair;
Her eyes were lucid azure,
Her voice a rill's soft flow—
But ah! she lies in quiet rest
Beneath the folding snow!

I have stood in Fame's proud temples,
And read from ancient tomes,
Heard the proud voice of eloquence
Swell up to arching domes!
But my happiest days are mirrored
In memory's crystal pool—
The days of that brief period,
When I was a child at school.

OUR DARLING.

BY LILIAS M——.

We had a tiny cherub,
All dimpled, pure, and fair;
The sun-beams played at hide and seek
Amid her nut-brown hair:
And round her rosy lips were wreathed
Smiles such as angels wear.

Her eyes were like blue violets,
Mirror'd in some clear stream,
That's dark in shade by green leaves made
And bright 'neath a sunny beam;
Thus dark the blue of her eyes, save when
Lit by a transient gleam.

We loved our dainty blossom,
So fragile, pure, and white;
We bore it on our bosom,
To shield from harm or blight;
And to us it turned most lovingly,
As flowers unto the light.

Our arms we folded round her,
As the calyx folds the flower;
Love's tendril-cords enwound her,
More closely every hour;
Each opening grace and loveliness
Seemed fraught with winsome power.

June's red lips on the roses,
Thrice, lovingly were pressed;
Throughout three golden summers
Our darling we caressed;
Two happy, happy parents, with
One birdling in our nest.

To soothe our babe to slumber,
Our songs rose sweet and clear;
But harp-tones sounded sweeter,
As the angels hovered near;
Thus they *tured her up to Heaven*,
And we are *lonely* here!

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

ONE STEP.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Had I better get in and row across, I wonder?"

"Nobody would ever know anything about it; and there the pretty new boat lies, rocking to and fro on the river. How fair and dainty it looks, and there are the two oars lying in the bottom. It's only a mile down to the bridge, and I could row down there and back in a little while; and oh! it would be such a pleasant, pleasant sail!"

"Of course, nothing could happen to me, for grandpa said to mamma the other evening, when we went down to the mill, 'Why, Helen, Harry's a natural born sailor! He can manage the boat as well as I.'"

"Oh, dear! I wish he'd never seen that boat!" said mamma. "I expect it will be the death of him yet."

"Well, he didn't inherit his nautical taste from you, that's certain," laughed grandpa; "but women are always nervous about the water."

"And that's all. It's just mamma's nervousness; and I *know* nothing would happen to me, getting in there and having a little sail; and it would be so nice, this beautiful afternoon, with just that breath of wind, rocking the alders that fringe the shore; and the river lies here between the banks like a deep blue mirror, and looks, away up by the bridge, like a brown ribbon, tangled in and out among the young oaks and poplars."

"Nobody would ever know anything about it, either; for, of course, I should get back safe, and I don't believe there'd be a bit of harm in it."

"But then, there's my promise to mother; there's no getting aside of that, and it was the last thing she said to me before she left home on Thursday."

"She called me to the carriage and bent over one side and smoothed my hair, as she always does when she talks to me: 'Now Harry, my dear boy,' she said, 'I want you to promise that you won't get inside that boat until your father and I get home again.'"

"No, mamma, I won't, certainly," I answered, though I hated to bad enough—that's a fact."

"And I think it's quite too bad, that such a big boy as I am can't have his way in such a little matter as this."

"Oh, dear! dear! the longer I look at the sky over my head, and at the sky in the river, and at the banks on either side, and at the bridge, looking like a white fall of lace away off in the distance—the more I want to go. It seems as if I must."

"One more step and I shall be in the boat; but, there again! my promise to mamma has come back to me!"

"And how shall I feel when she comes home and looks in my face with her loving eyes, and calls me her darling boy, and puts her arms round my neck and kisses me over and over again!"

"She won't ask me whether I've been in the boat, because I've promised her I wouldn't, and I never told my mother a lie in my life."

"And I won't now! Beautiful river—pretty boat, it's hard enough to leave you—but I will!"

"Nobody would know it, I said. Yes, God would know it if I got in that boat, if no human being ever did, and the lie would be written against me, and I should have to meet it somewhere—sometime."

"I'll get away as fast as I can. Oh, dear! how near I came to telling a lie, and committing a terrible sin. I just begin to see it now!"

"Mamma came home last night. Such a hugging as I had!"

"Has my Harry been a good boy?" she said, "and not done a single thing his mother would have disapproved of?"

"No, I guess not, mamma," I said; but I was thinking about the boat, and didn't speak very positively."

"Mamma held me away and looked in my eyes. 'You guess not? are you not quite certain, Harry?' she asked."

"Well, mamma, I haven't *done* anything, but I've thought about it."

"She drew her arms around me, and held me close to her heart."

"Tell me all about it, Harry dear," she asked."

"And then I did. I told her about my going to the river last Saturday afternoon, and how near I came to getting into the boat and rowing down to the bridge, and what a terrible temptation it was, and how, in one step, I should have been in—but the memory of my promise to her, and the thought that God saw me, held me back when there was only *one step* betwixt me and the boat."

"And when I had done I found mamma's tears falling, just like thick rain drops, in my hair. 'Oh, my child! I thank God! I thank God!' she said."

"And I, too, thanked him then from my heart, that I didn't take that 'one step.'"

THE WINE MERCHANT AND HIS CLERK.

A wine merchant caused thirty-two casks of choice wine to be deposited in his cellar, giving orders to his clerk to arrange them as in the annexed figure, so that each external row should contain nine. The clerk, however, took away twelve of them at three different times; that is, four each time; yet, when the merchant went into the cellar, after each theft had been committed, the clerk always made him count nine in each row. How was this possible?

This problem may be easily solved by inspecting the following figures:—

2d Order.			3d Order.			4th Order.		
2	5	2	3	3	3	4	1	4
5		5	3		3	1		1
2	5	2	3	3	3	4	1	4

CONGLOMERATIONS.

The following words are to be introduced in order as they stand, in an original composition of prose or verse—story, essay, poem, all are admissible.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Mathematics. | 11. Feast. |
| 2. Omnibus. | 12. Plaster. |
| 3. China Jar. | 13. Alabaster Vase. |
| 4. Nymph. | 14. Chimes. |
| 5. Cabbage. | 15. Danseuse. |
| 6. Damask. | 16. Boreas. |
| 7. Curricie. | 17. Railroad. |
| 8. Hong Kong. | 18. Manuscript. |
| 9. Toadstool. | 19. Parasol. |
| 10. Cloud. | 20. Hovel. |

EXAMPLE.

The Rambles of a Student.

When a poor student of *Mathematics*, the desire of traveling seized me, and I resolved to see the world. The *Omnibus* passed our door every morning, at eight o'clock; I took my place in it to the nearest market-town; my traveling companion was a new novel, entitled the *China Jar*, then much in vogue. The *Omnibus* soon after stopped at a cottage, to take up an inside passenger. My new friend, though of the fair sex, was certainly not possessed of a *Nymph*-like form, and on her arm hung—a basket of *Cabbages*! I looked complacently at my *Damask* rose, the last gift of my fair cousin Emma, who, with her father, had that morning driven over in their new *Curricie*, to take leave of me. I opened my book, and was already deeply engaged in a description of the famous city of *Hong Kong*, when the vehicle stopped at the town to which I was going. Dinner was ordered, and I was just going to partake of a fine dish of mushrooms, when I discovered the cook had by mistake dressed some *Toadstools*. I reached London in safety, and was requested by some friends to visit Italy, in hopes of finding some valuable works, said to have been lately discovered there.

Some years had passed, and I was still in Italy. I was saddened, for my mother's death had cast a *Cloud* over my youthful gladness. I received an invitation to spend a few weeks with Count Marini, at Rome; wishing to be present at some of the *Feasts*, I accepted it. The Count's palace was spacious, but, to an English eye, uncomfortable. In many places the *Plaster* had fallen off and left bare walls, and there was a want of comfort which contrasted strangely with the *Alabaster Vases* which decorated the rooms. The Count was well acquainted with the English language and literature. Judge of my surprise one morning, on entering the room, to find him attentively perusing the *Chimes*, by Dickens, which he had just received from an English friend. In the evening, I went with him to see a favorite *Danseuse*; he advised me to beware of going out late alone, as there were even then many bravi in Rome. We next visited a popular demagogue, who, from his blustering speeches, was known to the English inhabitants by the nickname of *Boreas*. The Count also showed me the model of a *Railroad*, which was projected between Rome and Naples. We then visited a Capuchin Monastery, where, I had been given to understand, I might find some rare *Manuscripts*, but my search was fruitless.

On leaving the monastery, we conversed on many subjects; among others, on the power of the Italians in preserving appearances. "Yes," said my host—"they starve at home, to blaze in jewels before strangers. For example: Do you see that lady with a *Parasol*, though no one else thinks it necessary to-day?—observe how splendidly she is dressed—what a princess she appears. Do you see that wretched cabin—nay, *Hovel*, near the ruins of the Capital—that is her home.

The next day I quitted the Count's hospitable mansion, and wrote this on board the Victory, looking forward in a few hours again to see Old England.

ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

When a twister a twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist, he three times doth entwist;

But if one of the twists of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,
He twines with his twister the two in a twine;
The twist having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in twain.

The twine that in twisting before in the twine,
As twines were untwisted, he now doth entwine;
"Twist the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He twisteth his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a good, large heart in it; it saves the cost of gymnastics.

Mothers' Department.

HOME EDUCATION.

"Is he or she well educated?" has come to be the question in the present time, far above any desire to pry into the circumstances of the individual, as concerns either wealth or station. It is not so much to be considered what have been the antecedents of the man—who were his progenitors—and whether they have been men eminent for good or evil qualities—as what he himself is? Is his bringing up such as to warrant his admission into good society?

Now, what is education in itself? Mothers are too apt to think that when their sons and daughters have graduated at a select seminary, gone through the usual prescribed routine of studies, grappled with a few fashionable "isms," and made themselves familiar with conventional rules—their education is completed. But there is a home education that should be going on all the time, and in which mothers should be pre-eminently fitted to perform the principal part, because they are, from position and circumstances, brought into more intimate relations with their children; and it is their peculiar province, as it should be their delight, to discharge these duties. Until our daughters are thus properly educated, there will be a danger that the mothers of the land will be, in future years, inefficient, trifling characters; and their influence will, in turn, have its effect in modeling the pliant minds of their offspring.

First, let home be made—as its very name implies—a resting place, a refuge from the cares and troubles without—just as it is to the weary traveler to gain that peaceful shelter, when he has been beat upon and buffeted by the "windy storm and tempest." Through all their after lives let your children have to look back upon home as the pleasantest place in the world, where every childish grief was soothed, and every pleasure made more delightful by the loving, gentle spirit of the mother, who was the very light of the dwelling. Let the mother's smiles brighten the home, and it will always be attractive.

Win the confidence of your children. Be to them, as they grow up, more as an elder sister and friend, than the guardian of their infancy; and you will find that they will be content with a mother in whose bosom they can confide their youthful perplexities, and will be less liable to form those violent friendships for strangers which are often so pernicious. There are few sights more charming than this tender intimacy between a mother and her grown-up sons and daughters; they, taught by her

experience and guided by her example; she in them living over her youthful days, and having the vivacity of their fresh young spirits to cheer her declining years.

But although home should have its pleasures, it must also have its duties. In it the young recruits are to be fitted for the "battle of life," in which their parents have taken an active part. It is the mother's task to mould these future men and women for their positions. It is as if God had placed in her hands the mass of plastic clay, and bidden her write thereon the future destiny of her child. From the time the infant learns the alphabet of smiles and frowns on the mother's face, its character is growing—forming—strengthening—with every new impression that is made. O, mothers, what a sacred trust is yours! Pray for grace to enable you to fulfill it.

While your children are yet quite young, this home education may be turned into a pleasure instead of a task. By accustoming them to converse with you freely, a hold is gained upon them that can never be loosed. Many parents try to assume a certain austere dignity with their children, which repulses every attempt, on their part, of familiarity; and they find too late that they have chilled their young, ardent affections, and made them cold and reserved in their presence. Always encourage your children to bring into the home circle the little news and events of the day, at the same time repressing a tendency to ill-natured remarks, which is apt to degenerate into scandal. Thus, like bees, they will be all working for the common store—bringing honey to the hive. Teach them, also, to be honest in confessing their faults. Your censure, if well directed, will be feared as much as your approbation will be prized.

Another part of home education is to bring your young people to think and act for themselves—to be self-reliant. The mother's eye will not always be upon them, the father's hand cannot always guide and protect them. They should be accustomed, from early childhood, to look upon themselves as the future actors on the stage of life, and be preparing themselves for their parts in a career of usefulness.

Books are to be one instrument in this system of home education. But to read without discussing the character and contents of the volumes you have perused, and forming a judgment upon them, is much like swallowing a variety of food without tasting and enjoying it. It is for the mother—at

least in the earliest years—to direct this mental aliment of the child, and it is the mother who should be well prepared in all the departments of useful literature, for it is she to whom the children usually turn, with their numerous questions and perplexing propositions. See to it, then, that your daughters are well informed in all those branches of common knowledge about which children are so apt to busy themselves, and make inquiries. How disheartening to both mother and child for the former to be obliged continually to answer—"I do not know!" At the same time, a disposition to propose trivial, teasing questions, is to be repressed, and it may occasionally be judged best, in more important cases, to say, as the mother of the celebrated Sir William Jones did to him when a boy—"Read, and you will know."

There is another branch of home education which is so important that I shall only touch upon it very lightly at present, reserving a fuller discussion of the subject to a future paper. This is the training of your daughters to be useful and able assistants to you in every branch of domestic economy. The absurd prejudices of the "dark ages" of fashion and frivolity are fast yielding to the practical experience of every sensible woman, that health of body and vigor of mind are best promoted by a cheerful, earnest participation in the manifold duties called "woman's work." Nor need it be objected that such household employments are "never done," and that there will, therefore, be no time for literary pursuits or the social pleasures. Trust one who has tried the plan, that there will be abundant opportunities for all; and in a cheerful division of labor, home will be made happier, domestic burdens lighter, and in after years the daughters, well prepared to take the management of affairs in their own households, will think with gratitude of their mother, and "rise up and call her blessed."

MY CHILD.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

Little one, little one,
Come to my heart,
Come till I tell thee
How precious thou art.
Close to thy mother's heart
Nestle, sweet dove,
Mamma's own treasure
All treasures above!

When the sweet Spring came
With sunshine and flowers,
Fairer than all, came
This darling of ours.
From the bright sunbeams
Her curls stole their hue,
And her bright, laughing eyes
Are of Heaven's own blue.

Beautiful darling!

Mamma's precious pet!
Fairer than all

I have looked upon yet,
Still, as I gaze on thee,
Trembles my heart,
Still, to thy mother's eyes,
Teardrops will start.

How shall I guide thee, love,
Through earth's dark ways?

How shall I lead thy steps
Through the wild mazo?

As I look forward
My fond heart doth shrink,
Bitter may be the cup
Thou must yet drink.

Thorny, perchance, the path
Thou must yet tread;
Ah! how thy mother's heart
Fainteth with dread!

Little one, little one,
Sometimes I dream
That if God called thee
To cross Death's cold stream,
That my heart would not ache
Even as now,
When I think of the ills
That may wait thee below.

Yet could I spare thee,
My beautiful one!
What would life be to me
If thou wert gone?
Father in Heaven!
Oh! pardon these tears,
Pardon this weakness,
These dark, sinful fears!

Can I not trust Thee,
My Father, my God?
Still Thou hast watched o'er
The path I have trod.
By Thy kind help
I will go on my way;
Down at Thy cross, Lord,
My burdens I'll lay.

Watch o'er us both, Father,
Lead us to Thee,
To that bright land
Whence the shadows all flee!
Little one, little one,
Go to thy play;
God will watch over
And keep thee alway.

Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent, or indiscreet, use of it. If thunder itself were to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

Hints for Housekeepers.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, one spoonful of flour, three spoonfuls of sugar, a little butter and salt. Grate off the yellow outside peel to flavor your pie; then pare away the white skin, which is apt to be bitter, and slice the pulp into a plate lined with paste. Dissolve the flour, and other ingredients, in water enough to fill the paste, then cover with another. This is an excellent pie, the lemon being a good substitute for apple.

ANOTHER LEMON PIE.—One table-spoonful of melted butter, one egg, a small table-spoonful of flour, a little salt, and sugar to your taste. Grate off the outside peel, squeeze out the juice, and add to the beaten egg and sugar; then pour in, carefully, boiling water enough to fill your paste. This pie has no top crust.

ANOTHER LEMON PIE.—Grate off the outside peel, then pare off the white part and throw it away. Slice the pulp and lay it into your plate lined with paste. Make a custard with one egg; a little salt and sugar to your taste—all lemon pies require a good deal—pour it over the sliced lemon, then cover with a top crust.

A LEMON PUDDING PIE.—To bake in a deep plate. The grated rind and juice of one lemon; sugar to your taste; one egg and a little flour, or grated cracker, a glass of currant wine, and two large, fair apples, pared and grated; a half-spoonful of butter and a pint of milk. Boil the milk and butter together and let it cool. Beat up the eggs and sugar, and add them—do not add the wine and lemon until the moment before you set your pie in the oven, as it will curdle the milk.

These pies are all good, and do not taste in the least alike.

WHIPS.—Take a pint of rather thin cream, sweeten it quite sweet; then add a large glass of wine, and a table-spoonful of extract of lemon. Good currant wine is quite as good as any other. Let this stand in a cool place until you have cut the whites of three or four eggs to a stiff froth: then add these to the cream, stirring rapidly as you do so, and fill your glasses at once. These whips are delicious, much nicer than those made of whisked cream alone, and can be made in ten minutes.

FOR A DESSERT.—Line a large dish with thin pieces of sponge, or any other cake, spread quite

thick with jelly or marmalade of any kind. Prepare your cream and eggs—half the quantity will be sufficient, as for the whips described above—and fill your dish with it. This is a delicious dessert, and can be made so quickly that it is a convenient resort when you wish to add to your dinner or tea for an unexpected guest.

FOR A DESSERT.—Line a large dish with pieces of cake of any kind; then fill it with a nice boiled custard. With the whites of two or more eggs make an icing, and pour over the top. In making an icing always beat your eggs while adding the sugar, a little at a time, and the longer you beat your icing after the sugar is in, the nicer it will be.

The above are for the Home Magazine from
Mrs. P. P. BONNEY.

TOAST AND WATER.—The preparation of this simple, but delicate infusion for invalids, is an object of interest to a considerable number of our readers; and we have, therefore, taken pains to ascertain the simplest, but most effectual method of preparing it. The mode we now communicate will produce, without the chance of failure if the directions are strictly followed, a fresh, sparkling liquor, cool and grateful to the taste, of a bright brown color, and of an almost fragrant empyreumatic flavor. Take a small, solid, square piece of bread, and place it on a toasting fork at about half a yard distant from the fire; let it remain *two hours* at least, and as much longer as convenient, and when it has assumed a light brown color, plunge it, while hot, into a jug of clear, cold water. Cover it over, and let it remain till wanted for use. The longer the bread is allowed to toast, the brighter and browner the color of it becomes; and the longer the maceration of the toast in the water goes on, the better, to a certain extent, and within certain limits, the result will prove.

HOW TO EAT AN EGG.—There is an old saying, taken from the Italian, "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs." This appears an unnecessary piece of information, as people do not suck eggs as they do oranges; but as we believe there are few who know how to eat one properly, we shall give the secret. By the usual mode of introducing the salt, it will not mix or incorporate with the egg; the result is, you either get a quantity of salt without egg, or egg without salt. Put in a drop or

two of water, tea, coffee, or other liquid you may have on the table at the time, then add the salt, and stir. The result is far more agreeable; the drop of liquid is not tasted.

A PLUM CAKE.—

There are few who can make what I term a good cake,

And as such I intend to explain;

Without further parade, how 'tis done, with the aid

Of a little attention. Obtain

Half-a-quarter of dough, which, when worked to and fro,

May be placed by the fire to rise,

Where permit it to stand while you beat up by hand

Sixteen eggs of a moderate size;

And when finished procure fourteen ounces—not more—

Of fresh butter—the best you can buy—

With about the same weight of loaf sugar, and eight

Of large currants, picked, washed, and wiped dry.

Having added all these to the dough by degrees,

With four ounces of sweetmeats, select

A small tin deep and wide, buttered nicely inside,

That—when baked—it may turn out correct.

MEAT BALLS.—A savory way of preparing meat is in the form of Meat Balls, made thus: Cold boiled or raw beef, or pork chopped very fine, put into a dish, together with eggs—one to each half pound of the meat—crumbs of light bread, soaked and mashed fine, a couple of medium-sized onions, chopped, (may be omitted if not liked,) season to taste, with salt, if the meat is fresh, pepper, nutmeg, and allspice, and form into egg-shaped balls with the hand. If too moist to form well, add a little flour, and fry in plenty of lard.

Ohio Cultivator.

OMELET, OR EGG PANCAKE.—Two heaping table-spoonsful of flour, a little salt, and just a pinch of soda, four eggs, and good, sweet milk enough to make a thin batter. The addition of a spoonful of cream, or a bit of butter, is nice, and a tart apple, pared and sliced very thinly, is an improvement. In frying use a long-handled pan, and when ready take a tablespoon half full of lard, and half of butter: when hot pour the batter in, enough of it to make it a little thicker than common buckwheat-cakes. When it is a delicate brown on the under side, slip it into a plate, for, unless very dexterous with the knife, it will break in turning; put a few bits of butter and lard over it, and turn the pan quickly upon it, reverse, and place over the fire, taking the plate off, or it would be heavy. If baked in thin cakes with jelly between, it makes a nice dessert for dinner.

Health Department.

SUGGESTIONS ON HEALTH.

No. II.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Sow flowers, fair flowers, near your daily view,
Plant shrubs, fair shrubs, bearing fruit for you—
The work will bring you pleasure and health,
Which is better, far, than the idle one's wealth
Set trees and vines, their shade and fruit
To adorn a cottage or palace will suit.
Let tiny fingers gather the berry,
It tends to make them useful and merry.

Flowers spring up from the beautiful earth in the warm spring time. On lawn, garden, woods, and meadows, everywhere, they greet the eye, and warm and humanize the heart. Some planted by the tiny hand of childhood—some by the gentle hand of woman—some by the strong hand of man, and some by the hand of God. Who that beholds these

buds of beauty springing from the earth—hanging on the shrub, or bursting from the tree, does not feel his spirits revive and a healthful glow permeating all parts of his system? Such things of beauty are a joy forever; and the gentle exercise which their culture requires is well adapted to restore health to the faded form of woman, whose sphere of action confines her too much within doors.

Invalids, who have not sufficient strength to engage a few moments daily in the cultivation of flowers, are much benefited by being led out in pleasant weather to observe the changes produced in vegetative nature. But in pleasant weather, all who have sufficient strength to exercise a few moments at a time, will find the exercise profitable to health, if they take rest in the intervals, and do not engage too vigorously or too long. To avoid doing this, it is better to stop exercising before fatigue is experienced, as exercise, in all cases, must

be proportioned to the strength, to render it useful in preserving or restoring health.

When time and strength will permit, women should prize the exercise of cultivating flowers, gathering berries, fruits, and other small vegetables, as such employment highly promotes health, beauty, and serenity of mind. In the garden she may exercise with great profit to herself and others. Here may she obtain that health which is more precious than silver or gold. A walk through the public streets does not afford the same degree of healthful exercise that a few moments might afford in exercising with all the muscles free and unconstrained by superfluous clothing; besides, the time occupied in preparations for a walk, might be spent in the garden without those preparations.

All should realize that we were not designed to live for ourselves merely, but to do good to others, to lessen their toil, or ameliorate their suffering; and whatever is necessary to be done for the com-

fort and happiness of any individual, is useful and honorable labor. So long as food is necessary for the sustenance of life, it is not dishonorable for any lady to assist in its preparation, either by gathering fruits and small vegetables from the garden, or cooking them in the kitchen. Would all ladies engage in these healthful exercises as time and circumstances permit, they would enjoy a much higher degree of health, retain more serenity of mind, and attain greater longevity than many now do.

The husbands and fathers, overburthened with too many cares and pressing application to business, might be greatly relieved, many times, by timely attention, of the wife and daughter, to domestic affairs; while ladies themselves would be doing good, and assisting in the preservation of the health and fortunes of their husbands and fathers, and at the same time securing health and comfort to themselves.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS—LADY ON THE LEFT.

This represents a robe of Lyons *tarletane*, woven in design. The sleeves and flounces are woven, and the design is repeated in all colors. The style is fresh, enlivening, and fashionable. There is nothing more becoming for midsummer, and it serves equally well for all toilets after breakfast; in fact, a light silk *mantilla*, of the *bernous* shape, with a chip, straw, or light-colored silk bonnet, renders the costume most attractive for promenade, while for an evening party dress it is irreproachable. The hair is elevated in *bandeaux*, as directed in the last number. The collar and undersleeves are of strawberry-pointed lace.

Lady on the Right.—Broadway Bonnet; border and *passé* of rich straw or fine chip, platted and all in one, with either square or sloping crown, covered with white silk net. Curtain of white silk, and the strings white. A narrow lace edging trims the border and curtain, and a ribbon, like the edge of the border, separates the crown from the *passé*, under which is a lace ruche. Blonde and roses with foliage forms the *décoré*, while roses, buds and foliage trim the lower part of the crown and part

Robe and mantilla of figured Lyons muslin, edged with Magenta purple ribbon, as represented. This is the type of a style that is repeated in all colors. Gloves drab or straw color. Plain linen collar and lace undersleeves.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The soft-crowned bonnet is preferred for morning wear, but the square crown, with lace or net covering, is preferred for evening wear. The most beautiful bonnets seen at the Academy of Music, are of purple and Isly green crapes. They are made very large, in the Broadway style, and elaborately trimmed with white point lace and the flowers of the season. We have seen a few fine straw bonnets trimmed with a single bird of paradise on one side of the *passé* and all the rest quite plain, and with a blond ruche only under the brim, with the strings of white, edged with figured straw. The curtain is sometimes white and edged with straw, and a very small white lace often edges both curtain and border. The style of bonnet is gradually enlarging forward and upward, but without bringing it farther forward at the sides than the ears. The bonnet which we have presented with the colored plate was reduced by the engraver, who has not given a faithful copy of our drawing; it is therefore a bonnet of scarcely medium size, whereas we intended to represent one as rising three inches above the head at the centre of the border. I am told by the Misses Watson, Mrs. Dougal, and other *modistes*,

who work for our most select ladies, that the oval-pointed border is giving place to one more round, and that the square, stiff crown, covered with white lace, is preferred by their clients of most refined taste. The mourning bonnets of black crape, trimmed with purple ribbons, rosettes, and tufts of lilacs, are among the most beautiful ones of the season. Purple and black and white check are the goods and trimmings for half mourning.

For *Promenade Robes* and *Mantillas* silk checks are quite in favor, the skirt flounced or puffed in numerous rows, and the mantilla in the *Maintenon* shape, with shawl back and front, and scalloped shallowly over the arms.

Perhaps the most desirable mantilla of the season is of black silk, trimmed with ruches of the same. It is long, with an oval back and oval ends in front, sewed to a yoke which falls wide off the shoulders. It has a *capuchon*, or hood, which is edged round with box-plaits, and the end is ornamented with two long silk tassels, one above the other. For *demoiselles* the *casaque*, made of black silk and very long, is still preferred.

Diagonally striped and plaided mantillas, in the *bernon* shape and without linings, are numerous on our promenades.

Small checks, of silk, wool and cotton materials, are quite in favor for *négligé* this season.

The trimming of a *deuous*, under the border of a bonnet, in Paris, is with either white lace and *blonde* checks; and from opposite the eyes on the side a *tonsade*, *plissé*, or *ruche* of ribbon, runs over the head, ornamented with a tuft of flowers over the centre of the forehead and at each end of the ribbon opposite the eyes. Sometimes a row of full-blown roses extends over the head from the lace or *blonde* checks. In Paris, square crowns are preferred, and lace and artificial flowers are used in greater profusion than they were last year.

The *demi-gigot*, or half-full sleeve, is quite in vogue, with lace cuffs; but large enough at the wrist to admit the hand easily.

Pointed waists for full dress, and square waists with *ceinture* and brooch for dinner and *demi-toilette*. Skirts for full dress are either flounced, or trimmed in horizontal rows of puffs in threes, being nine rows of puffs on a skirt. Fine white tarletane, with puffs of *blonde*, is very fresh, enlivening and attractive for a ball robe. The body is always trimmed in keeping with the skirt, only the rows of trimmings are not so deep. The pagoda sleeve is still in wear. For ball dress, the body is square, not very low, and the sleeve is like a full half-circular cap over a puff of *blonde*.

SWISS WATCH POCKET.

The Swiss watch pocket is very simple in its formation. Its foundation is composed of two pieces of card-board, cut according to our illustration. The front piece is covered with maize-colored silk braid, plaited in and out, which has a very neat effect, and much resembles delicate basket-work. The back is covered with quilted satin of French blue, done in small diamonds over a layer of wadding. This being stitched over, the card-board intended for the back is then lined and bound round with narrow ribbon. The front piece is also lined with the satin, wadded and quilted, so that the watch may have a secure resting-place, and be well protected from every injury. This piece being also bound, is to be fastened on to the back with a small half-round, similarly prepared, fitted in to form the bottom of the pocket. The trimming consists of a quilling of narrow satin ribbon carried round every part, and the whole is finished off with either pretty bows or tassels, whichever may be preferred.

New Publications.

THE THRONE OF DAVID; OR, THE REBELLION OF PRINCE ACHAZ: Being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King and Prophet, Ancestor and Type of Jesus. In a Series of Letters Addressed by an Assyrian Ambassador Resident at the Court of Jerusalem, to his Lord and King on the Throne of Nineveh; wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judea, is presented to the reader as by an eye-witness. By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D., Rector of Christ Church, Holly Springs, Mississippi, Author of "The Prince of the House of David," and "The Pillar of Fire." Philadelphia: G. G. Beans.

We give the full title of this last volume by Mr. Ingraham, which will inform the reader of its de-

sign, scope, and manner of treatment. The author writes with great fervor of style, and graphic force of description, bringing the scenes which he portrays most vividly before the imagination. The volume will naturally gain a large audience of readers.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH; OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL. By Frank E. Smedley. With Illustrations, by Geo. Cruikshank. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

A new edition of a book which has been for some time before the public.

ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL MELODIES, FOR THE VIOLIN. Selected from all the Favorite Operas. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Company.*

ONE HUNDRED VOLUNTARIES, PRELUDES AND INTERLUDES, FOR THE ORGAN, HARMONIUM, OR MELODEON. By C. H. Rink. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Company.*

Two cheap collections of desirable music, which will find their way readily into the hands of those for whose use they are intended.

HARRY'S SUMMER IN ASHCROFT. With Illustrations. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This story of the employment and amusement of a little boy and girl, during a Spring and Summer passed on a farm, will teach children how to gain from a few months' residence in the country, a world of pleasure and instruction. It is a capital book.

MANUAL OF GEOLOGY. Designed for the use of Colleges and Academies. By Ebenezer Emmons. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Second Edition. New York: *A. S. Barnes & Burr.*

The author of this text-book says:—"The true interests of Geology require its pursuit upon American ground, and upon and among American rocks. For this reason, a text-book for American students should be supplied with American illustrations; though, so far as the naked principles of the science are concerned, a British or French text-book might answer the purpose of instruction; yet American Geology will never take the stand it ought and is entitled to, so long as foreign works or their compilations are used for teaching." In regard to the plan of the work he says:—

"The plan we have followed in the preparation of the work, differs somewhat from others. We have given in each chapter treating upon the system of rocks, a general history of the period to which they belong. To this we have added a brief description of the rocks and their order of sequence. Each system is illustrated by the organisms or fossils which it is known to contain, and which have been generally selected from those which are the most common. The geographical distribution of American formations complete the history of the several systems."

THE LIFE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. By James W. Sheahan. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

We have here a full account of the life and public services of a man who for the last six or seven years, has been prominently before the people of this country; and who now aspires to the office of Chief Magistrate. The history of a life such as he has lived—struggling up from obscure boyhood, by the force of will and talents—is always full of instruction, and must be read with interest. Stephen A. Douglas was born at Brandon, Vermont, on the 23d of April 1813, and on the 1st day of July in the same year, was orphaned by the sudden death of his father, Dr. Stephen A. Douglas. His mother removed to a farm about three miles from Brandon, where she resided with a brother. At fifteen Stephen, who had worked on the farm with the expectation of being sent to college, found that hope

dissipated. He then determined to learn a trade. At Middlebury, fourteen miles distant, to which town he went on foot, he apprenticed himself to a Cabinet maker. At the end of two years his health became so bad, that he was obliged to abandon the shop, which was done with great reluctance, as he liked the trade, and showed remarkable mechanical skill. He then devoted himself to study with great enthusiasm, and afterwards commenced reading law in Canandaigua, New York, where his mother, after a second marriage, removed. At an early age he went to the West, and soon became absorbed in politics. Since that time, he has been one of the most earnest, and we might say, ambitious men in the political field; and whatever honors he has gained, are due to energy, talent, and an undying enthusiasm.

AMERICAN HISTORY. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. I.; *Aboriginal America.* New York: *Sheldon & Company.*

We have here the opening volume of a new series of books from the fertile pen of Mr. Abbott. Their design is to "narrate in a clear, simple, and intelligible manner, the leading events connected with the history of our country, from the earliest periods down to the present time." The several books will be illustrated with all necessary maps and engravings, to render them useful and entertaining. In this first volume on *Aboriginal America*, the following subjects are clearly treated in as many chapters:—Types of Life in America; Face of the Country; Remarkable Plants; Remarkable Animals; The Indian Races; The Indian Family; Mechanic Arts; Indian Legends and Tales; Constitution and Character of the Indian Mind, and the Coming of the Europeans. It will be seen at a glance, that the volume is full of interest.

COUSIN GUT. By Geo. B. Taylor, (of Virginia.) New York: *Sheldon & Company.*

This is the second volume in that pleasant series, "*The Oukland Stories.*" The first was called "*Kenney.*" The publishers announce "*Claiborne,*" as the title of the third volume, which is in press. The young people are largely indebted to Messrs. Sheldon & Co., for the many good books they are constantly issuing.

LETTERS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, FROM 1827 TO 1858. New York: *Rudd & Carlton.*

We cannot but feel regret in looking through these letters, that they were ever permitted to reach the public. Only a very few of them can be regarded as contributions to either literature or science, and by far the larger portion are of the most trifling value to the public—well enough in their way, as missive from friend to friend, but not worthy of being made lasting in print. The writer does not always show a tolerant or amiable spirit towards his cotemporaries, and a few of the letters are unhappily, shadowed by a contempt of Christianity, and its sacred ordinances. They have dimmed the fine lustre of a brilliant name.

CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY: Illustrating the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, with Application to the Arts. By M. M. Karil. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

This first book of natural history, seems to have been prepared with a careful philosophical estimate of a child's mental powers and modes of reception. Teachers will comprehend its value better than we can, however, and on their judgment will depend its introduction in our schools.

THE BAREFOOTED MAIDEN: A Tale. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Eliza Buckminster Lee. Illustrated. Boston and Cambridge: Jas. Monro & Co.

There is a tenderness, a heart-interest, and a pious trust in God, in most German stories for children, that make them always acceptable. This seems to be one of the best of its class, and has been rendered into English by a graceful pen.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart, Author of "Emilie the Peace-maker," "Stories of Scotland," "Truth in Everything," &c. &c. New York: Sheldon & Co.

One of those epitomized histories that should always precede the more elaborate compositions; and which are useful to take up at any time for a refreshment of the memory. As a writer for the young, Mrs. Geldart is doing a good service. She has already given them quite a number of good books; and we are pleased to see that she still keeps her pen busy.

HARPER'S SERIES OF SCHOOL AND FAMILY READERS. By Marcus Willson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have never seen a set of school books, which apparently offer so much to the favorable regard of teachers and parents, as this new series, commencing with a primer, and going up, through eight volumes, to an Academical reader. The primer and four readers are now ready for use.

"The author is himself an experienced teacher of youth, and has brought to the preparation of his work not only a rare fertility of resource, but no small degree of practical sagacity, which has evidently been exercised to advantage in the daily routine of the school-room. He has employed the leisure of several years in perfecting his method and completing the necessary details, so that the series possesses a solidity and permanence of character which can seldom be claimed in manuals of elementary instruction. It is no less than fourteen years ago that the plan was submitted to that distinguished educationist, Mr. Horace Mann, from whom it received the warmest approval, although he was in doubt whether the expense attending the thorough pictorial illustrations, which form an essential feature of the series, would not place it beyond the reach of the great mass of children in the public schools of this country. The difficulty is obviated, however, by furnishing the books at an equally low price with other Readers, the first cost of which was not one-tenth the cost of these. The main idea of Mr. Willson in preparing the series, was to popularize the higher branches of English study to the capacities of children, so that they might obtain some useful knowledge of the various departments of natural history and physical science, while engaged in their ordinary reading exercises. At the same time the matter is arranged in a series of volumes, adapted

to the wants of children of different ages and attainments, and forming a system of progressive Readers, by which the pupil is led on, by an agreeable succession, from the most simple to the higher and more difficult results of scientific investigation."

The clearness of typography, and the surpassing excellence and artistic beauty of the abundant illustrations that cover almost every page of these volumes, render them the very *ac plus ultra* of school books.

EL FUREIDIS. An Oriental Romance. By the Author of "The Lamplighter," and "Mabel Vaughan." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The author of "The Lamplighter" has tried her powers on an entirely new theme, passing from homely every-day New-England life, to Syria, and taking her readers into the heart of Mount Lebanon. El Fureidis is the name of a village resting against the side of a mountain, and the prominent characters are an Englishman, a young Bedouin Arab, and a lovely Syrian maiden, with New England blood in her veins. The interest of the story lingers around these, and there is a rivalry in love between the Englishman and the Arab. The girl is a sweet, original creation, and the character with which she is invested by the writer is well sustained. Charming descriptions of scenery abound in the work, and an intimate knowledge of Eastern life is displayed. El Fureidis will add to the well-deserved fame of the author.

STORIES OF RAINBOW AND LUCKY. By Jacob Abbott. SELLING LUCKY. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is another in the series of "Rainbow and Lucky" stories. The order of the volumes, four in number, is as follows:—1. Handie. 2. Rainbow's Journey. 3. The Three Pines. 4. Selling Lucky. They will make a capital addition to every juvenile library.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Part VI. of this admirable story of college life has appeared.

DICKENS' SHORT STORIES. Containing Thirty-two Short Stories, never before published in this country. By Charles Dickens. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Two editions of these stories are given by the publishers; one bound at a dollar a copy, and the other in paper covers, at fifty cents.

CLARA MORELAND, OR ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH WEST. By Emerson Bennett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Among our descriptive story writers, Mr. Bennett ranks high. He deals with men in adventurous action, and is especially at home in frontier life and the excitements it naturally involves. His stories, as far as we have seen them, are free from the objections that lie against so many that take the same range of subjects. He does not pander to depraved tastes, or prurient imaginations! He holds his readers by a strong grasp, and therefore finds a wide circulation for his books.

Editors' Department.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was wearing late into the afternoon, a spring afternoon, smothered up in cold, gray, repellant clouds—when we rang the door-bell of Mrs. Sigourney's pleasant, quiet, old-fashioned homestead.

We had gone under the shadow of the deep veranda with reverent steps, and with a feeling that we were treading on consecrated ground, for we remembered it was the home of one whose songs had gone abroad into all the land, and hallowed every fireside—that they had breathed their sweet aromas around the marriage altar, the cradle, and the grave—songs that had crowned the bride with a new sacredness and beauty, that the mother had tangled them in and out of sweet lullabies over the slumber of her first born, and that they had dropped blessed balsams of healing into the broken hearts of the mourners over "whom God had spoken."

The door opened softly, and there stood before us a lady of gentle and dignified presence, but whose countenance we did not at once recognize, though we are familiar with the engravings of Mrs. Sigourney.

But it was not until the lady had taken her seat beside us in the parlor, and we had repeated our errand, that we were startled by the soft-falling announcement—"Yes, I said this was Mrs. Sigourney."

Now, we by no means usually relish a first interview with literary people. There is the awkwardness and embarrassment of a first meeting, and the pain of reconciling our ideal and expectations with the real presence and manner. But our visit to Mrs. Sigourney was one to be laid away and embalmed in our memory.

There is, probably, no woman in our country who has received so many, and such especial tributes to her genius as the lady of whom we are writing—none to whom has been awarded so much of honor, applause, renown—all of those gifts which are so stimulating and intoxicating to woman.

But she whom the nation's heart has delighted to honor sat there full of kindly hospitality and cordial interest, and a little child might have gone up in its grief, and slipped its hand into those delicate, shadowy ones, and found comfort in that pale, serene face, which would have bent down in such tender soothing that one would never have thought of the laurels that crowned it.

We were especially struck, too, with that "charity" whose sweet, subtle aroma pervaded all Mrs. Sigourney's conversation. There was not a subject or a person which we touched, in that brief inter-

view, that was not warmed and brightened by it. Her heart would find something to excuse or pity in the wrong she condemned, and she looked always on the bright side of life and of humanity.

And sitting by the lady's side, and looking on her face, we thought of how blessed a thing was genius consecrated to God, and what a joy it must be to her, standing now among the gathering shadows of old age, and looking back over the years which lifted their headlands along her life, to feel that her pen had never uttered one thought whose sentiment she would wish might be forgotten—that there was not one heart amid the thousands she had blessed who should rise up before the angels of God and say she had not been to them a messenger of good tidings.

And we felt, too, as we never did before, the graciousness and holiness of *true womanhood*. Oh, was not that quiet life, hanging its priceless pearls along the years—more to be desired than any outward applause or notoriety, or gifts of this world, for Mrs. Sigourney's whole life has been consecrated to one aim—the life of her heart, as well as the work of her pen, has been to exalt, and adorn, and sanctify *womanhood*.

Mrs. Sigourney does not often speak of herself; her quick, affluent sympathies indicated themselves in her warm interest for others, and in those kindly words and deeds which prove not only the true grain of the soul, but the Christian gentlewoman as well as the crowned poetess.

At last we rose to go. Mrs. Sigourney took up a small vase of flowers, and gathering from it several of the fairest, laid them in our hands—pansies, out of whose deep, pure hearts struck delicious fragrance. We were a stranger in a strange city, and as we gazed lovingly on the sweet blossoms, we thought that they were like the blossoms of song which those fair hands had scattered along the clefts and valleys of life, and that their fragrance, that seemed to steal softly across the sadness in our heart, was like the fragrance of that name honored on earth, known and beloved in heaven—the name of *Mrs. Sigourney*.

V. F. T.

"Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases."

HAWTHORNE'S MARBLE FAUN.

No work of fiction that has appeared, in the last four or five years, has attracted so much attention among critics and readers of cultivated tastes, as the "Marble Faun," or "Transformation," as the English publishers entitle the book. Not for the story itself, for that is often ludicrously at fault with the consistencies and probabilities of actual life; but for its exquisite art-criticisms, its fine descriptions of Italian scenery and points of local interest, its delicate analysis of mental conditions, its vivid sketches of character, and the weird charm which it throws around the men and women that are made to move, more panoramic than real, before the reader's fancy. Donatello is an entirely new creation, and though not always consistent with the character he is required to maintain, he is yet managed and developed with a marvelous skill. Miriam excites your curious wonder in the beginning, and you follow her through the book, half-eager for the time to come when the mystery of her life will be unveiled; but the mystery increases with the story, and closes, thicker-curtained, around her when she passes from your view as you turn the last pages of the volume. And the same, in a degree, may be said of Donatello. In fact, these two characters, whose destinies have been linked together by a strange kind of fatality, rather tantalize than satisfy the reader, and both vanish from view in what more resembles pantomimic clap-trap than anything in real life. Hilda is a woman-angel, and Kenyon the coming man—not the man of to-day. We do not find either of them in real life. But they are charming, and, sometimes, exquisitely natural.

"The Marble Faun" is a pure romance; not the composed history of human lives as they are in this age and generation. We do not see the heart-beat of real men and women. And yet, it is a story of intense interest—one that may be read twice, but the second time more for its thought, analysis, and description, than for its unsatisfying narrative.

One marked attraction of the book, is the almost photographic fidelity with which objects are brought before the mind. In a few well chosen, and, it may be, homely words, the author will give you the picture of a statue, a cathedral, an old town dating back to Etruscan times, an Italian mountain, valley, vineyard, storm, or sunset, a street in Rome, or a Carnival scene—that, once looked upon, can never be forgotten. In the power of using common words in the right places, Hawthorne is unsurpassed. His style is the purest prose, and his verbal range, for the most part, within the limit of a child's everyday vocabulary.

Touching the value of "The Marble Faun" as a contribution to our literature, regarding its use in the development of the human mind towards higher and purer states—which is the noblest and truest end of an author—there is a conflict of opinions; the general sentiment being against the book, as

calculated to bewilder the thought, instead of giving a clear atmosphere and a mountain-height for it to breathe in and look from. In our own view, there is not much that can hurt in the story, while in the characters of Kenyon and Hilda, such a charm is thrown around honor, virtue, and purity, that their presence, as ideal characters in the mind, cannot fail to awaken aspirations for truth and goodness. We must take an author and his gifts as they are, and if he uses them with the best skill he possesses—according to his peculiar genius—so that they are not debased to the service of evil—we can but accept his work, and draw from it the highest good it is capable of yielding.

A NEW VOLUME.

With this number we commence the XVI. volume of the Home Magazine, and with a circulation larger than it has at any previous time attained. Our claims for a subscription have always been based on the reading qualities of our magazine, and on these we shall still rely for a welcome in the thousands of homes where our periodical gives its monthly visits. While we aim to interest, to hold the reader's mind by the charms of imagination, we never lose sight of a still higher purpose, that of instruction and pure moral incentive. We never forget that ours is a *Home* magazine, and, as such, must come to the home-circle with food for all tastes, and attractions for young and old. Miss Townsend's new story is commenced in this number. We need scarcely refer our readers to the opening chapters.

"NEWS FROM HOME."

The engraving with this title gives a phase of life that shows how little in unison with the real character are often the positions which men hold. Two young officers, brothers, it may be, are together, one reading a letter, and the other listening to its contents. It is from home, bearing to them news, perhaps, of the death of some beloved one. They are only boys as to life experiences, and yet unhardened by their cruel profession. Grief softens them with her tearful presence. The pain is their own, and it is felt acutely. Yet, in a little while, they may be in the wild excitement of battle, with all human feelings obliterated for the time, and a keen thirst for blood stimulating them to murderous deeds.

And after the day of carnage, will not the horrors of the field be half-forgotten in the pride of victory? Will not the remembrance of a quiet death at home touch them more deeply than any thought of the crushed hearts and ruined hopes that followed the bloody conflict in which they took an eager part? Doubtless, for war is their trade. What a fearful trade!

THE SPIRIT WE ARE OF.

We were very forcibly struck, the other day, by a remark of a former pupil of Miss Lyon's. "How often I have heard her say, 'The work which you accomplish, young ladies, is not of so much consequence as the spirit in which you do it.'"

How deep, and true, and far reaching these words are! and how we need to carry them into our daily life, to comfort, and soothe, and sustain us in all the trials we bear, and all the failures we make in accomplishing the work set before us.

We all know that a gift is not precious in our eyes according to its intrinsic value, but because it is the offering of a loving heart; this it is that embalms it in sweet and tender associations, that gives it its beauty and sanctity, though it be otherwise worth very little; and so we believe it is with God. He does not value so much the amount or success of the work which we offer to Him out of the days, as He does the spirit in which we offer it—the humble, trusting, loving, childlike spirit; and in this sense failure in accomplishing our plans may sometimes be more acceptable to Him than success.

For it "is the spirit that giveth life," and so we suppose it possible that two lives may seem to run in the same channels—may be, apparently, both just, and right, and true, while in those eyes which alone behold what manner of spirit we are of, there is a difference—great, unspeakable; for it is not so much in outward life, as in the heart, the motives, the purposes that govern us, that our life consists.

And oh, reader! discouraged, despondent, disheartened with your failures, with the little you may seem to accomplish of work or good in this world, remember, if you bring to it the right heart, the true, Christian spirit of submission and love, you shall not lose your reward. V. F. T.

THE NEEDLE.

Our heart aches, and aches in vain, when we think of them—the poor women who are stitching away the long, golden hours of the summer in dreary attics and stifed chambers, without hope, or help, or comfort in life!

Oh, it is terrible—terrible to think on! and what must be the reality? And yet these women have had their loving hearts, their sweet young dreams of home, and happiness, and of brave, strong hands that should cherish and shelter them from the winds and the rains of life.

There is no sadder spectacle than that of a delicate, fragile woman battling with the world alone, and with no weapon but her "needle," and looking forward with a sort of dumb longing for the rest and the slumber of the grave.

Alas! how many have gone down to it "stitch! stitch! stitch!" while sharp pains smote the side, and the hard cough shook the weary form, and at last the weary fingers gave way, and the tired eyelids fell—how many? God knoweth!

V. F. T.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

We must say a favorable word for Grace Greenwood's charming monthly for children. It is the best juvenile periodical we have. Take it, parents, for your little ones. The price is only fifty cents a year. Address Leander K. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

Almost every month are given "Anecdotes and Sayings of Children," furnished by correspondents. We offer a few of these bits of wisdom and humor, that drop with such grave earnestness from lips that know no guile. They are from the latest numbers:

The last time the "Alleghenians" visited our city, we took our Alice—a bright, curly-headed little chub, then about three years of age—to one of their concerts. One of the pieces they sang on that occasion was Yankee Doodle with variations, after their own style, leaving but little of the original music. The next day, while Alice was sitting by her mother's side, apparently absorbed with her doll things, but with her little brain busier far than her fingers, she suddenly looked up, and exclaimed—"Mamma, they tried to sing Ankee Doodle last night—but they forgot the tune, didn't they?"

We were much amused at the artless exclamation, for we looked upon it as a just criticism upon the fashionable music of the day, as applied to the simple ballads of the olden time.

A mother writes:—

"Our five year old boy was looking at a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, in Harper's Magazine, a few evenings since. After he had gazed at it very earnestly a few moments, he sighed, and said to himself—

"Oh, how I wish I could dream that!"

Our three year old has a mortal aversion to being punished, and resorts to various expedients to save himself, when he knows he has been naughty. I was about correcting him, a day or two ago, for some offence, when he threw his arms around my neck and said, "I love you dearly, mamma, and I will forgive you." When at last, by kisses and coaxing, he escaped correction, he went down stairs, and told his little brother that I did not whip him this time, "'Cause I forgive mamma."

He is greatly troubled that his baby brother has no teeth, and concluded, one night, to pray for them; so he said, "Please, Papa in Heaven, give Josie some teeth." When they were not forthcoming in the morning, he said "Papa in Heaven didn't hear, I buy Josie teeth."

One evening my little brother of three years was sitting at the window, looking at the stars, when he exclaimed—

"Oh, mother, mother!—just look at the little pieces of moonlight!"

Two little sisters were playing *make calls* one day. Little Mary was fixed up very fine in some of her mother's clothes, and called to see Annie. They passed the usual compliments, and then the conversation seemed to lag. At last, Mary spoke up quite sharply to Annie—

"Why don't you say something, Annie?—why don't you ask me if my goose has got chickens, or something?"

Little Gussy, the first time he went to church, sat in an old-fashioned, high-backed pew, and upon being questioned after he got home, he said he "sat in the sink, but there wasn't any dish cloth!"

My little sister Annie, who is four years old, was one day playing with brother Fred, when mother told them they were mischievous.

"No," said Annie, "I am Miss-Chisvous, and Fred is Mr.-Chievous."

When my little brother Malcolm was four years old, he had a trick of threatening to kill himself. There is a large rock above our house, which we call the Tarpeian, and one day when mamma did something that he did not like, he said he would go up to the Tarpeian and throw himself off.

"Go, then, Malcolm," said mamma, very quietly. Malcolm did not expect this; he stood thinking for several moments, and then said—

"Well, when I do, I'll die, and turn into dust, and get under the parlor carpet, and every time you sweep I'll bustle up in your eyes!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. C. M.

The title of the volume containing the sketch to which you allude, and which is so full of beautiful and mournful associations to you, was "*January and June*." Its author was Benjamin Y. Gaylor, who, we believe, has been, or is, an editor in Chicago. We regret that we have not the book, and cannot tell you the name of the publishers.

Mrs. A. E. S. . . . G.

Your touching letter has come to us. We know how weak words sometimes are, and how your heart must hunger and thirst in vain for its "little Katie."

But is it not well with the child? You nourished her gentleness and sweetness here for a little while, and now we trust she blooms on that household tree whose roots are fed by the waters of the River of Life. Be comforted as you sit in your broken household, and long for the bright glimmer of the little head you have laid under the grass, for of "little children" is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Mrs. H. LL.

Your letter was forwarded us from Philadelphia, but not being in that city, we cannot answer respecting the MSS. It will be necessary to inquire of Mr. Arthur.

V. F. T.

LETTERS for Miss V. F. Townsend must be directed to Hartford, Conn., where she is now residing.

We make the following excerpt from the "*STILL HOUSE*," published by Gould & Lincoln, a book which every Christian man and woman ought to read:

"Oh! God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Dear as our happiness is to Him, there is another thing within us which is more precious in His sight. It is of far less consequence, in any Divine estimate of things, how much a man suffers, than—what the man is."

G. F. R. JAMES.

The reading public will deeply regret to learn that according to letters from Venice, where Mr. James has been residing as Consul-General, a stroke of paralysis has ended, in all human probability, his literary labors. In remarking upon this fact, Harper's Weekly says:—

Such an event may be regarded as the public termination of a literary career which is probably unparalleled in fertility. James' original works amount to nearly eighty, in more than one hundred and ninety volumes; while his miscellaneous stories and papers might easily fill eight or ten volumes more. Yet he is not an old man, having been born in 1801. It is an interesting fact that Washington Irving was the indirect means of the production of this mass of novels, which have so pleased the public; for it is stated, in the most recent biographical sketch of James, (*American Cyclopaedia*), that in 1822 he was strongly urged by Irving to attempt some important work, and he wrote the *Life of Edward the Black Prince*. James' earlier novels still hold a place, and his "*Richelieu*" is more than a quarter of a century old.

His resolute industry as an author has succeeded in giving him a position and prominence which genius has often failed to give. He is the father of the historical novel for the million, without any of the peculiar humor, vivacity, and sincere antiquarian passion which constitute the excellence of Scott's historic-fiction. But no story-teller who has amused so large an audience for so long a time, has any reason to be dissatisfied. James has seen younger men arise around him and pass on before him, but he has cheerfully held his own way, uninfluenced by the novel tendencies of his companions. If his hand rests now from its labors, there will be many a heart, unknown to him, sorry to learn it, and many a hearty hope that the stroke, which probably terminates his literary activity, may still leave him cheerfulness and comparative health, and quiet years in the circle of his friends and family.

WORRY.

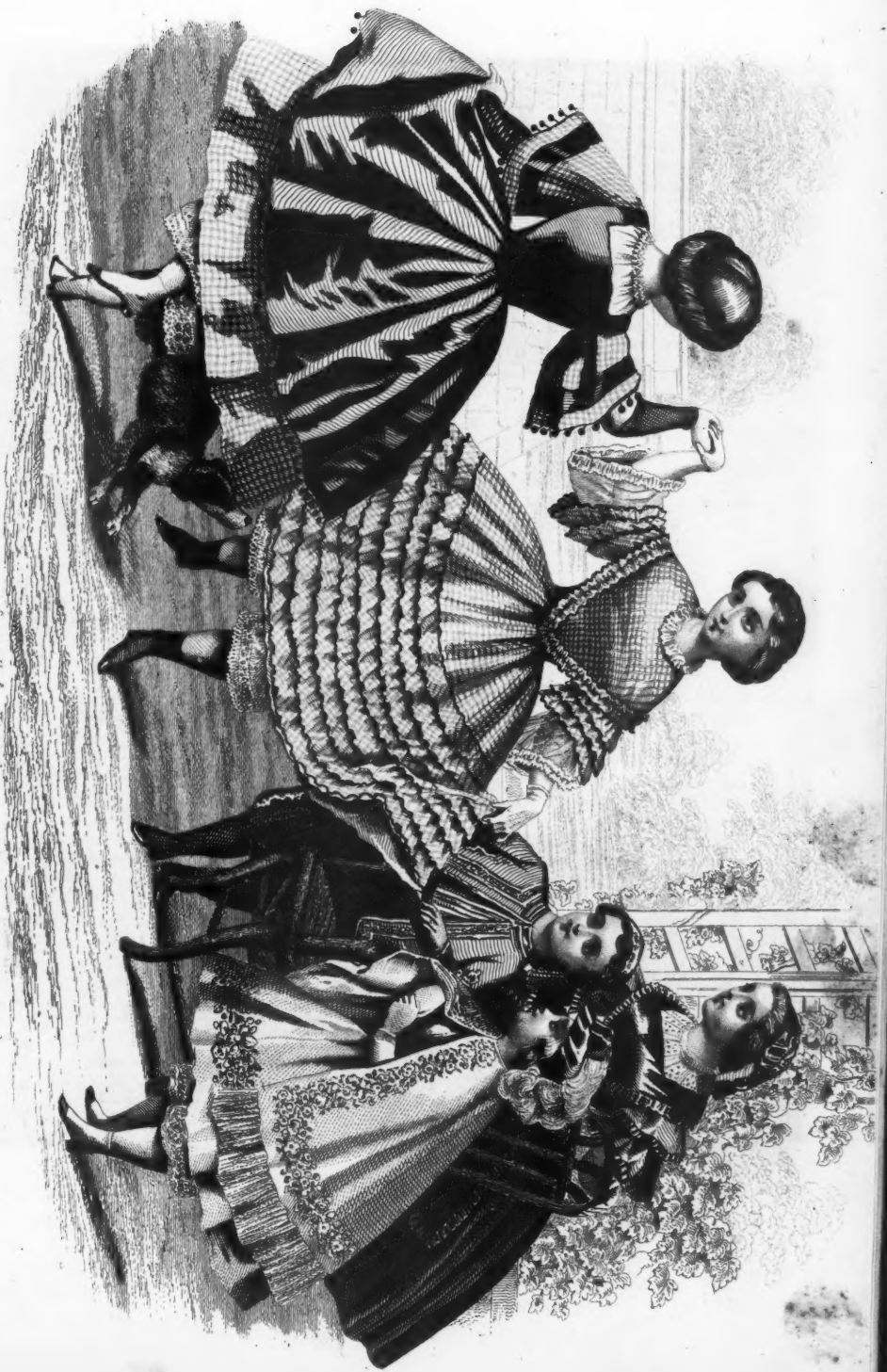
It has been truly said that worry kills more than work. It is not a conflict with the actual evils of life that exhausts us, but our conflict with imaginary evils. We look forward to the trouble of tomorrow in fear and trembling, and rise from a sleepless pillow to meet it, shorn of the strength needed for the encounter, and lo, the day passes, and the fear that made our hearts sink as it loomed up in the distance, is powerless to hurt us in the present.

"THE GLEANERS."

This beautiful steel engraving tells its own story of innocent pleasure.

"The really good and high-minded are seldom provoked by the discovery of deception; though the cunning and artful resent it as a humiliating triumph obtained over them in their own vocation."

"It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to half do ten times as much."



Copyrighted by J. B. Knapp

HOME MAGAZINE AUGUST 1860.

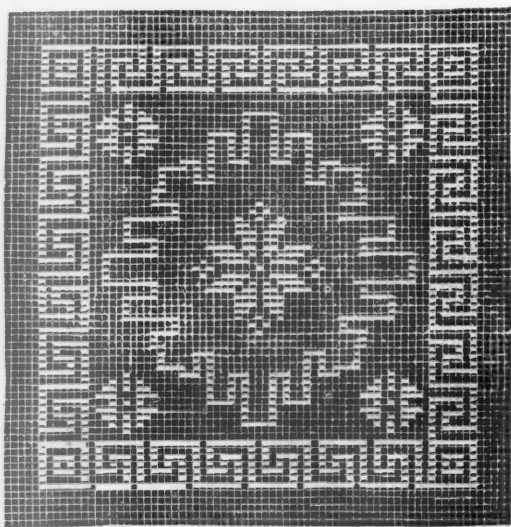


THE FUTURE ARTIST.

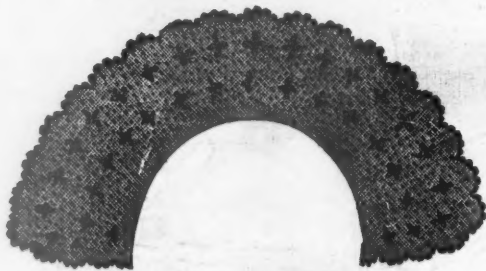
ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR HOME MAGAZINE.

A JAR-NOT OF HONEY.





CROCHET CORNER.



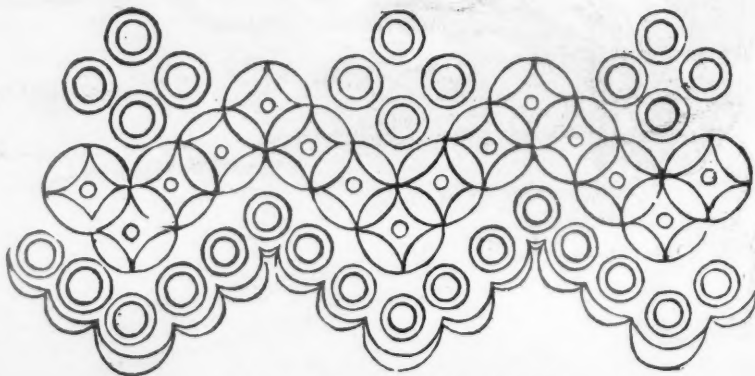
MOURNING COLLAR.



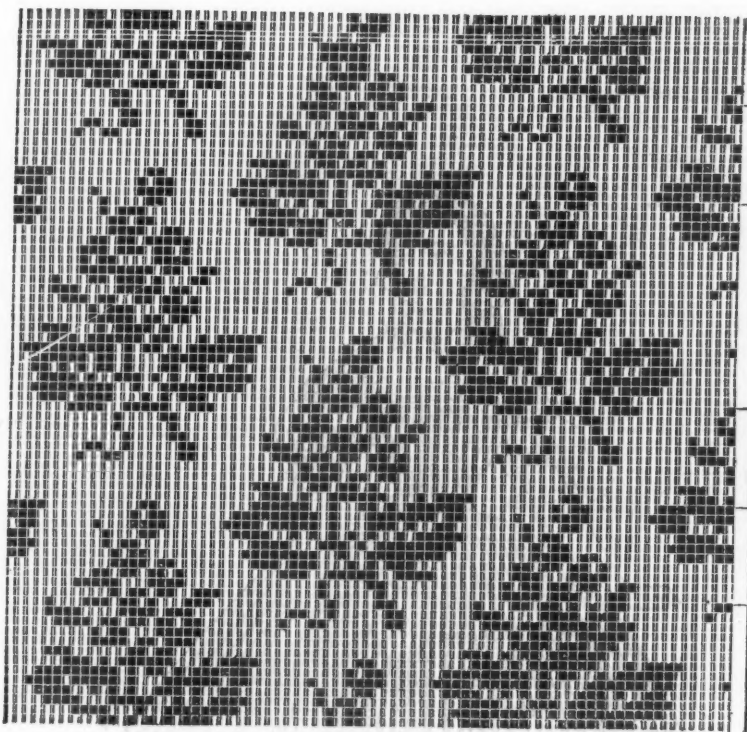
UNDERSLEEVE.



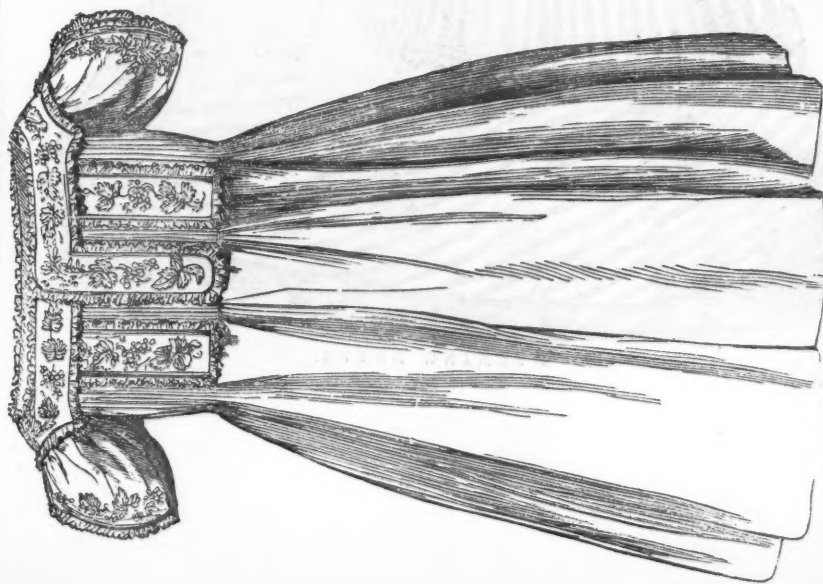
INITIALS.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



CROCHET PATTERN.



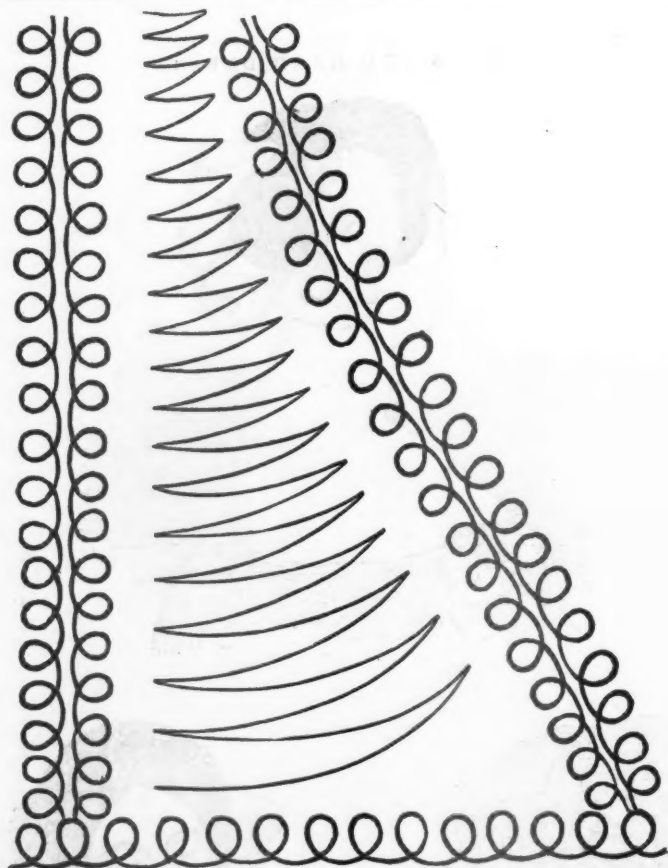
CHEMISE, OF FINE LINEN.



EVENING DRESS.

CAPS AND HEAD DRESS.

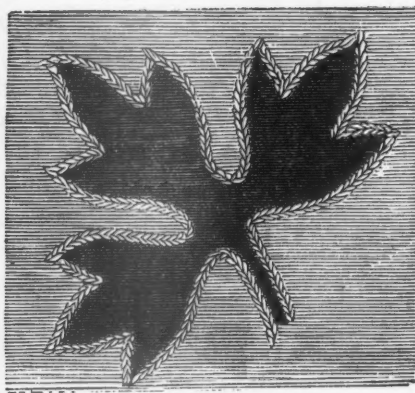




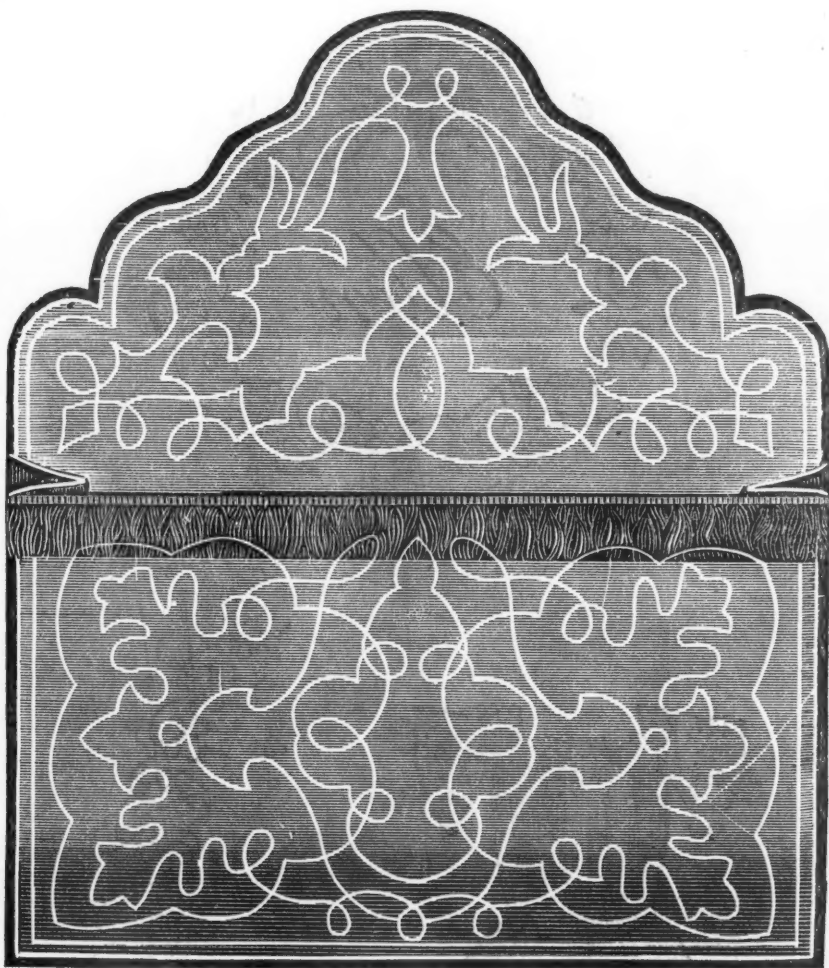
BRAIDING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



SLIPPER PATTERN.



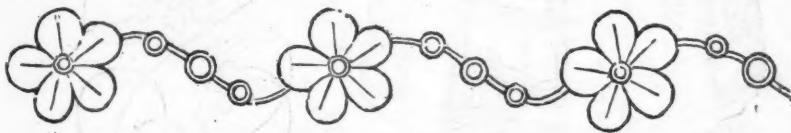
LEAF FOR EMBROIDERY.



WATCH AND HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

TO SUSPEND TO A BED.

This useful article is intended to be braided in white cotton braid, on clear muslin, and lined entirely with colored cambric. Or it may be worked in chain stitch, with colored cotton on a thicker muslin; in which case no lining need be used. White cotton braid, run on with colored thread, in neat and even stitches, has a very pretty effect.



INSERTION.



CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.



NAME.